

20

Space city!

25¢ outatown,

Volume 2 number 13 • Nov. 26-Dec. 11, 1970 • houston.texas



A girl, Kelly Erin, born Nov. 17, 1970 to Judy and Dennis Fitzgerald. Red Coyote, child of the revolution, daughter of the New Age. Another reason why. Another way how.



wants money back

To Whom It May Concern:

I purchased Vol 2, No. 11, dated Oct. 31 - Nov. 13, 1970 Space City! newspaper.

I believe in Freedom of the Press but do you think the consistent foul language in this particular edition throughout improved any of the articles therein? In my instance, quite the contrary!

I am returning herewith your newspaper and I think you ought to return my 20¢ for, in my opinion, the value received in payment therefor was not equal.

Sincerely,
Patt Berens
1599 Houston Club Building
Houston, Texas 77002

help a prisoner

Dear Space City,

I would appreciate it if you would help me out. At present I am serving a prison sentence at Draper Correctional Center. I am an ex-marine who was wounded twice in Vietnam. While in

the military hospital I became addicted to narcotics. I returned to Birmingham, Ala. on leave and was busted for violation of state narcotics law.

I would appreciate it if some of your readers would write me a letter. I have no family and feel that no one in the world really cares anymore. I will answer all letters.

Chris J. Wooten
Box 1107 2 - C
Elmore, Alabama 36025

dialectics of pollution

Dear Space City:

Progress = Pollution = New System.

The federal government says the Arkansas-Verdigris River Navigation System will return \$1.50 for every \$1 it has invested. This will be a total return of approximately \$7.5 billion when the Army Corps of Engineers finishes its largest project in history. Cheap barge transportation, hydroelectric power and lots of water for industrial use will be made available to the businesses that are expected to increase the river area's economy by \$75 million a year. As taxpayers we can all be proud of this progress.

But what will happen when this waterway becomes infested with ships and barges? Keep in mind that these ships will deposit that taint oil scum, and other waste products in the "copper green river." And what will happen when these newly expected monster or industrial plants open along her banks and completely fill it with additional contaminates? This can be definitely labeled pollution.

The Arkansas irrigates rich wheat lands and other agricultural crops throughout this area. This brings up the question in my mind. How many additional \$Dollars\$ will it cost the taxpayer to find a new system to irrigate the land in this community, when the water from these rivers will not be usable any longer?

You've got to be kidding!

Earl F. Fister
Houston

interesting politics

Space City:

Consider this for a moment.

Let's assume that the Supreme Court upholds the 18-year-old-vote proposed legislation in January, and it passes.

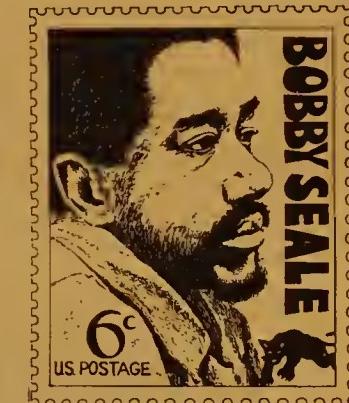
Let's also assume that the State of Texas sends down local options to its liquor-by-the-drink referendum to be exercised in the Spring.

The legal drinking age in the Lone Star State is still but 21 . . .

Makes for interesting politics, doesn't it?

Anthony K De Vries
Houston

BOBBY SEALE



aquarian meditation

Dear Space City Collective (And Readers!)

As you know, the real "heads" of Houston are trying to get Houston together to create a very beautiful community. There is progress being made but things aren't moving as fast as they should be. I feel this is because, to get Houston or any other city together we, first of all, have to get our own heads "together", so to speak. Otherwise all we can do is pass our own hang-ups back and forth to each other.

I feel it is extremely important to get our own minds completely under control first and then we will be quite capable of creating a great community. Or as the Thirteenth Floor Elevators put it -

(On Bull of The Woods)
"WE ALL JOIN IN SAMENESS
WE ARE EACH ONE DIFFERENT
WE'LL ALL JOIN IN ONENESS
WHEN WE'RE EACH ONE WHOLE."

Cont. on 22

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SMASH PLAYBOY!

Playboy came to town a few weeks ago to recruit Bunnies for *Playboy* clubs in different cities.

The event took us Red Coyotes by surprise, and we didn't have much time, but we managed to pull together a small demonstration. Sisters and brothers from Gay Liberation, women's liberation groups, Houston Switchboard, Space City! and Little Red Schoolhouse were there with picket signs proclaiming everything from the obvious ("Hugh Hefner Is A Male Chauvinist Pig") to the more esoteric ("Hugh Hefner Sucks Off Warthogs"). And of course we all exercised our vocal cords on the famous Red Coyote howl.

Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* is an outstanding exponent of Amerika's moribund yet still lethal Death Kulture. Its liberal and liberated image is a hypocritical sham, an empty mystique. Hefner is a criminal and will yet be tried by the New Nation of people struggling to be free.

Playboy's first crime is against women. *Playboy* women are really sub-human toys — cuddly bunnies and passive Playmates — for men to fondle vicariously. *Playboy* never projects the image of a healthy, liberated sexuality, of free and equal participation be-

tween the sexes. It's a one-way street, with the pitifully shaved, doe-eyed and air-brushed female as the mere object for male entertainment.

The extent to which this *Playboy* mystique has blinded and bedazzled women themselves is evident in a conversation a newsman covering the *Playboy* demonstration had with a Bunny hopeful coming out of the Rice Hotel. She maintained that *Playboy* isn't just any old porno sheet — a girl has to be "qualified" to be a Bunny or a Playmate. What kind of qualifications? the newsman asked. A nice face and a good body, the woman answered.

We women have been taught from childhood that what counts is not what we do or even what we are, but how we look. This insidious kind of conditioning separates women from each other, reinforces division along class and race lines (for in Amerika beauty is white and affluent) and relegates even beautiful women to a life of exploitation and misery.

John Dante, the man who came to Houston to look for Bunny meat, told the Houston Post that Hefner was interested in the fresh, young, pretty nice kind of girl. "Not the waitress type," he added. That remark infuriat-

Cont. on page 22



Playboy demonstration at Rice Hotel.

Gays Spend Nite at Riesner St.

Five gay brothers from New York who are traveling around the country talking to people about gay liberation and especially about the Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention, received an ample dosage of southern hospitality here recently. They were the weekend guests of the Houston Police Department down at city jail Nov. 14-16.

Apparently the sight of three white freaks and two blacks in a Volkswagen bus with out-of-state license plates was too much for the oinkers — the five were stopped twice before one porker had the brilliant idea (flash!) to run them down to 61 Riesner Street, where they spent the weekend.

Although they weren't charged with any specific crimes, they were held on suspicion of forgery (they had some credit cards borrowed from a friend) and suspicion of narcotics (there were some funny little pills; nobody could figure out what they were). Anyway, this gave the pigs the opportunity to thoroughly harass the

quintet, something they had apparently wanted to do since they had laid eyes on them.

Besides eating shit food and being packed into a tank with 80 other men, all five encountered severe oppression, both sexist and racist. Richard Koob, Giles Kotcher and Jimmy Fouratt

were the subject of verbal pig attacks and "faggot-baiting" — especially Jimmy, who has super long, beautiful blonde hair. Douglas Batts and Ron Vernon were doubly hassled, since they are both gay and black.

They said the other prisoners seemed impressed by their solidarity in the repressive atmosphere of the jail, and they dug on the way the brothers drew on each other for energy and strength that was sorely needed.

After much hassling by some good movement lawyers (Ed Mallett and John Sayer), the five were released late Monday afternoon, Nov. 16. They soon split town to continue their trip, helping to spread revolutionary gay consciousness in Amerika. Before they left, we were able to interview them, and they had some very interesting things to say about revolution, gay liberation, Third World Gay Revolution and Houston Pigs.

— Jim Shannon

NEXT ISSUE: Pacifica staffer Jeff Sher and Space City! reporter Jim Shannon interview the right-on revolutionary brothers of the Gay Liberation Front and Third World Gay Revolution.



GLF Brothers Batts, Kotcher, Vernon, Fouratt and Koob at Pacifica studios shortly after release from jail.



Economize on Furniture ... Don't Buy...

November marks the second anniversary of Austin's Economy Furniture strike. This makes it one of the longest strikes in recent labor history. It has been going on for two years because the company's owner, Milton Smith, refuses to recognize the union.

The employees voted 252 to 83 to have the Union as their collective bargaining agent and the election was certified by the National Labor Relations Board. The strikers - 98% of whom are Chicano - were described in Smith's brief as "uneducated, Catholic Mexican-Americans" who were being duped by the union and the church into something that Smith was quite sure that they didn't really want. It seems as though Smith wasn't able to give up the patronizing relationship he had maintained with his employees.

Even though the National Labor Relations Court upheld the NLRB's certification of the union, Smith has been able to spend the last two years appealing court decisions in an attempt to starve the strikers out. They have maintained their picket line, however, with the support of the upholsterers union, their sister unions and the Chicano people.

People have been walking a line in front of the factory for two years, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. (the strike shack is occupied around the clock). The strike fund supplied by the upholsterers union has almost run out and many of the strikers have had to get other jobs.

Smith and his scabs have deliberately set up situations to frame the strikers and their friends on the picket line. The sheriff's boys spend an inordinate amount of time just parked down the street from the pickets. It used to be every day that somebody striking would get dragged in on some trumped-up charge.

The worst one was the indictment of two strike organizers for allegedly smashing the windshield of a scab car.



Leo. Hernandez, boycott co-ordinator for Houston, explains to shoppers why he shouldn't buy at White's.

The guy who got his car smashed was offered a brand-new one by Mr. Smith in return for filing a complaint against the two strikers. After the case had gone to court and the scab had testified, he found that the money for the new windshield had been deducted from his pay check!

But the strike is growing stronger. Now for the first time in the strike the strikers are exerting a lot of pressure. And as the statewide boycott of Economy Furniture products grows, even more pressure will be exerted on Smith to recognize the union and settle the strike (the workers will be rehired and all their back wages paid).

Already in Austin two large stores have decided not to sell any more Economy products. Boycotts are also active in San Antonio, Dallas and Houston. The purpose of the boycott is to stop customers from buying at these stores until they discontinue stocking Economy products.

In Houston, the stores under attack are Montgomery Ward's, White's, and Lack's. Pickets are every Saturday. If you want to help, or if you want more information, call Leopoldo Hernandez at 926-2735 from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. Mon. through Friday, or call for John Brown Revolutionary League at the Space City! office 526-6257.

On Sunday, Nov. 29, a march and rally in support of the strikers will be held in Austin on the Capitol grounds. The rally will start at 2 p.m. and will feature many national and local figures, including Bishop Patrick Flores, Cesar Chavez (UFWOC), Victor Ruiz, Jr. (*Huelgista*), Roy Evans (Texas AFL-CIO), Jesse E. Gonzales (UIU), Jose Angel Gutierrez (La Raza Unida party) and others. At 6 p.m. there will be a benefit dinner dance at the city coliseum.

The Economy Furniture strike is an important strike. It has enormous implications for the Chicano movement. Here are Chicano working people struggling against a racist employer, struggling with stamina and pride. They are an example to all who would struggle. People from all around the state are expected in Austin on Nov. 29. Everyone who supports the strike should go and learn.

Bread Basket Boycotts Borden's

The Operation Breadbasket boycott against Borden's Milk Company is now in its second month, and Pluria Marshall, chairman of the black community organization, says that about 10% of the company's products have been affected.

Breadbasket claims that although one-third of Borden's income comes from black people in Houston, there is no comparable economic return to the black community. Breadbasket is asking that Borden's improve its profit return to blacks by hiring more blacks, upgrading blacks who already work at menial levels, transferring some of its business to black banks and mass media, offering some of its Public Relations monies as scholarships to black students and patronizing some neighborhood services.

Spokesmen for Borden's indicated that the company has improved some black workers' positions and salaries, and that the company has placed accounts with some of the black banks and mass media. But Marshall declared that "they have been lying to the public."

Besides Borden's dairy products, the company locally controls Bama preserves and jellies and Cracker Jacks.

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ANGELA SPEAKS FROM PRISON

The bourgeois press seized upon my recent capture by the federal pigs as an occasion to inject more confusion into the minds of the American public. Focusing the bulk of its articles on my personality and background, the press has clearly attempted to camouflage the political issues involved in my case.

Regardless of what degrees I may have, regardless of my external appearance and psychological make-up, the reality of my present situation is this: the reactionary pig forces in this country have chosen to persecute me because I am a Communist revolutionary participating together with millions of oppressed people throughout the world, designed to overthrow all of the conditions that stand in the way of our freedom.

While newspapers and magazines wasted pages upon pages, attempting to resurrect my past, they should have instead been cognizant of hundreds upon hundreds of American revolutionaries who have been confronted with a fate no different than mine.

Government agents incessantly employ the most devious and barbarous means to rid the country of all those who are challenging racism, exposing capitalist exploitation, and working, organizing and fighting for freedom.

Scores of members of the Black Panther Party have been mutilated and murdered, hundreds from among their ranks have been shoved into the nation's prisons; and still others have been forced into exile. And the Soledad Brothers continue to battle with the representatives of the repressive

prison apparatus, programmed to offer death by gas to anyone who dares to speak out against racism and propagates the idea of freedom among captives.

Ronald Reagan and the state of California, having first demanded my job because I am a member of the Communist Party, are now demanding my life. Why?

Not because I am the dangerous criminal they portray; not because I am guilty of their framed up charge for which there is no evidence whatsoever, but because, in their warped vision, a revolutionary is a priority criminal. Turning myself in to Ronald Reagan and his accomplices would have been equivalent to placing my head voluntarily on the executioner's block.

The death of Jonathan Jackson at San Raefal was not only a deep and crushing blow to me, his family and friends, but a profound loss to the world revolutionary movement. No black man or woman can fail to understand the unbearable pressure which led Jonathan to his death, struck down in the midst of battle.

His courage and self-sacrifice leave us with a legacy which no force can eradicate.

My flight was unsuccessful. I have been captured. To me, this means I must strengthen my will to fight this monstrous system.

I am one more who is being held captive, but more important, the revolution continues to grow in vigor and verve. Our enemies find them-



selves confronted with a growing awareness among the people that the concentrated effort to maim and murder revolutionaries is just another form of the daily genocide of police brutality, and impoverished living conditions of ghettos and barrios.

If masses of people will fulfill their obligation to protect the men and women who have devoted their lives to the struggle for equality and freedom, let there be no doubt about it —

victory will soon be ours.

LONG LIVE THE MEMORY OF JONATHAN JACKSON
FREE ERICKA, BOBBY, THE NEW YORK PANTHERS, SOLEDAD BROTHERS
AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS
POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Angela Yvonne Davis
Women's House of Detention
New York
Nov. 10, 1970



Captured.

LOS SIETE ACQUITTED

by Marjorie Heins
LIBERATION News Service

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif. (LNS) — It was Nov. 7, 1970. The courtroom was jammed and silent as the clerk read the verdicts of the Los Siete brothers, charged with killing policeman Joe Brodnik on May 1, 1970.

He started with Jose Rios — "Not guilty as charged" of murder; not guilty of assault. Mario Martinez — not guilty of murder and assault.

After 18 months, Los Siete de la Raza were finally acquitted of murder, assault and aiding and abetting — charges that the state laid on them after San Francisco policeman Joe

Brodnik was killed by his companion in a scuffle with the brothers in San Francisco's Mission District. Tony Martinez and Nelson Rodriguez were acquitted of the final charge of burglary (the brothers were moving a TV set from their apartment when Brodnik accosted them; police claim they were stealing the set). Jose Rios, Mario Martinez, Danilo (Bebe) Melendez and Gary (Kinky) Lescallet will be retried on the burglary charge, since the jury was unable to decide one way or another about their guilt.

When Bebe's "not guilty" were read, the sobbing, sighing and laughing could no longer be contained. Bebe had put himself on the line by testifying that he fought with police-

man McGoran, Brodnik's companion, on that fatal day. He said he had wrested the gun from McGoran's hand after McGoran shot Brodnik by accident.

The uproar was quite complete by the time acquittals on all the charges were read for Nelson and Tony. Until the jury had actually begun to deliberate, many of us were confident of victory. We knew we deserved it; it shouldn't have come as such a gift. And, as Los Siete lawyer Charles Garry had said in his summation, nothing could erase the terrible 18 months spent in jail and the anguish of the families. But despite all that — and even the bitterness of the moment when homicide pig Jack Cleary ran off

to have San Mateo County file robbery charges against the brothers — nevertheless, the ecstasy in that courtroom was real. Police claim the car that the six were captured in was stolen — now they face charges of car theft: Tony and Mario Martinez are also charged with armed robbery, since police claim the car was stolen at gunpoint.

One juror, long-haired postal worker Robert Hijar, had seemed friendly to the six throughout the case. He told us after the trial that racism had been an almost forbidden topic in the jury room. He told us that every time he or Chicano juror Mary Girard tried to say something about understanding

Cont. on page 20

Coyotes Keep Truckin' !

and so the red coyote tribe is on its way — truckin' on down the lane of death to turn it into the lane of life with every step we take.

the more steps, the less death, the more life. join the truck against death! be a red coyote!

well, sisters and brothers, i know many of you have heard of the red coyote tribe by now. especially if you read the last two issues of space city! anyone is welcome to join as long as she/he abides by our ten-point program (see last issue, sc no. 12).

already it has been explained what we are all about, but i'd like to add a little from my point of view.

you see, all we are is some members of the youth culture who feel it's about time that we start expressing

solidarity with the freaks within our own community and with the freak communities across the nation as well. and the same goes for our black, brown, red and yellow sisters and brothers who are being vamped on everywhere. we must show our support for these people, we cannot sit back and let them be oppressed by our very own ancestors.

i have many friends here in houston who don't even know who bobby seale is. they say that news is depressing, that they don't believe in that political bullshit. they would rather sit at home, smoke their dope and forget about it all. but it's still happening whether they like it or not.

i get the feeling that many people feel threatened, threatened that they have to give up their newly acquired life-style in order to become political.

and i sorta know what they mean. i used to feel that same way. i used to be really down on the new young revolutionaries because it seemed that all they ever did was run around yelling "off da' pig!" all the time. i thought, shit, if i become a revolutionary that means i will have to quit smokin dope, quite actin' crazy and start bein' serious and killin' pigs all the time.

and then suddenly i was enlightened by the ever-powerful, ever-lasting spirit of life. i realized that i don't have to give up my culture or my happiness or my dope or my music in order to be political. i don't have to put down the joint in order to pick up the gun. and when i say pick up the gun i don't necessarily mean to go out and start shootin'. i mean pickin' up the gun in order to be ready to defend myself and my sisters and brothers

against any tentacle of the power structure which threatens us with its death trip.

but to merely pick up the gun still ain't enuff. we must begin to make progress in the good in order to show people that we work hand in hand with life and not money. we must set up free hospitals, free stores, free schools. we must put a stop to the hard drugs our government is slipping to our youth.

we must free all prisoners who are jailed just because they did not want to know how to play amerika's game of monopoly. we must let the people know who we are and what we're all about, by openly denouncing public figures of evil who venture into our town (u.s. attorney general john mitchell's expected at the u of h real soon) and any other excretions of the





death culture that dwell here or that pass through.

we cannot give any of our energy to the death culture and in fact we must destroy theirs before they destroy ours. (remember the mc carran act!)

and, we must come together in celebrations such as the red coyote tribe honky-tonk hoe-down and howl-in on thanksgiving so that we can know our strength, our numbers, our energy and our happiness to be together.

affirm life!
denounce death!
howl at the big red star
and become a red coyote!

— star gibson

COYOTE COMMENT

HOE-DOWN

Don't miss the Red Coyote Honky Tonk Hoe-down and Howl-in Thanksgiving day at Of Our Own. It's FREE, brothers and sisters, and y'all better come, y'hear? There'll be several rock bands including Saturnalia, South and Sons of Coyote; a jazz group — Woodwind and Fire; and lots of joyous who-knows-what!

That's Thursday, Nov. 26, from 4 p.m. 'til 1 a.m. at Of Our Own (University at Kirby). Celebrate Life! Denounce Death! Let's all howl together!

HOG-CALLING CONTEST

As you might have noticed, the Second Annual International Hog Calling Contest and Jamboree — scheduled for Mon., Nov 23 at the University of Houston — didn't happen. The reason? The Hog didn't show!

The event was planned to coincide with the expected appearance of Atty. Gen. John Mitchell on campus that day. Well, Hog Mitchell didn't come



to town. (Perhaps Preston Smith tipped him off that UH isn't such a hot place to visit these days. Or, maybe he just had important subversives to round up and didn't want to waste his time in Texas. Who knows?)

Anyway, if and when Hog Mitchell's visit is rescheduled, we'll let y'all know. Keep tuned!

DO IT! DEPT.

Yes, friends and neighbors, you too can be a Coyote. Here's how:

GET OFF YOUR ASS!

There's lots to do, and time's a wastin'. In addition to the big groovy happenings and the every day reality of Coyoteness, there's smaller ongoing work projects that need people, ideas and money so as to better spread

the word and serve the people.

Groups include the Anti-smack Committee, Agit Prop and Street

REMEMBER SWITCHBOARD!

Here is what might be a regular column on SWITCHBOARD. We will go into the problems we have and what we need to further help you.

We are still short on volunteers and money, naturally. If you can help us work the phones or can help in some other way, please give us a call. We realize not everyone can spend time coming down to help out, but almost everyone can drop their loose change in one of our donation cans around town. Or if you want to give more, send the money to us at 2910 Brazos. Your money keeps us alive so we can help others.

Now a word to high skool people. We are trying to get people in every skool to call us regularly when you know of something happening in your skool or area. In this way we can find out more easily what is going on all over the city. If you can help us out give us a call at 522-9769.

Remember SWITCHBOARD. If you know of anything that you think others might like to know or need to know call us so we can pass it on. We get by with a little help from our friends.

SWITCHBOARD
522-9769

Sheet, Guerrilla Theater, People's Medicine and Child Care. Some of these groups are functioning; some are just trying to get off the ground.

If you are interested in knowing more about any of these projects, call Switchboard at 522-9769. Leave a message and a Coyote will call!

OH, THE OFFICE...

We've been looking for a Montrose-area office for Switchboard and the Tribe for several weeks, but have had little luck. However, as we go to press, some good news may be in the works. A possible place has been found. Hopefully, we'll have an announcement in the next issue.

By the way — we need money. Especially for rent, but also for the various projects. At present, the financial situation is bleak. Bring or mail contributions (any amount will help) to Switchboard, 2909 Brazos or Space City!, 1217 Wichita.

That's all, folks . . .

— Coyote Kid

...truckin' on down the lane



★★★ RED COYOTE HONKY-TONK HOE-DOWN & HOWL-IN ★★★



**SATURNALIA • LORIEN
SONS OF COYOTE • erebus
• woodwind&fire •
guy clark -MORE BANDS
•4pm-1am• & LIGHT SHOW**



it's free!

★★★ free rock festival on Thanksgiving day, at Of Our Own, University & Kirby ★★★

CAIRO, ILLINOIS

Big Trouble in Little Egypt

CAIRO, III. (LNS) — In few places is the struggle for black liberation in the United States more intense than in this small, impoverished town in southern Illinois. Six thousand people, half of them black, half of them white, populate "Little Egypt." On summer nights black jug bands play on street corners for pitched coins and are expected to live on that — if they are not some of the 30% unemployed blacks on welfare.

When blacks can get jobs, they work as field hands at 50 cents an hour. Black women work as domestics for \$15 for a 40-hour week.

Blacks are jammed into the Pyramid Court housing project — a cluster of low-rise apartment buildings. Fifty-six per cent of Cairo's housing has no plumbing and is made of cheap lumber and tarpaper that burns away like a match. Six hundred houses have been destroyed, and only 10 new ones built in the past decade.

The town as a whole is dying and poor whites are also suffering from the regressive leadership of the old, white guard. Twenty-seven per cent of the population (including whites) are on welfare, and their overall rate of unemployment is 12 per cent. What employment exists is open mainly to whites, but pay scales are a mere pittance.

A small group of a half dozen men have made fortunes estimated at over a million dollars each at the expense of both blacks and whites from one of the poorest counties in Illinois. Harry Emerson, president of First Bank and Trust Co., is considered the most powerful man in Cairo. He also heads the Public Utility Commission which for years deposited its money in Emerson's bank and received no interest.

Another powerful reactionary force is Gen. Harry L. Bohlen, rich former bank director, insurance agent and retired Lieutenant General in the Illinois National Guard. Dr. Flint Bondurant, whose medical practice milked Cairo's poor for years, prevented the construction of a medical center for the town.

These men, and others like them, have been pillars of the Cairo Chamber of Commerce, which for the past 30 years has tried to lure industry to Cairo with the bait of an anti-union, low-wage climate. But many businesses which have been drawn to Mississippi by this bait will not chance Cairo, because Chicago-based labor union strength could cause serious trouble for them. In addition, the political situation in Cairo has been termed "unstable."

Cairo's "instability" is a result of two decades of civil rights activity. The first winning battle in 1946 was a demand for equal pay for black and white teachers. In 1963 blacks demonstrated to open up the public



Bullet holes in wall behind child in Cairo home.
— Photo by David Moberg/LNS

swimming pool. They won in court, but the city chose to close the pool altogether. When they attempted in 1965 to integrate movie houses and bowling alleys, blacks were beaten and their cars and homes burned. In 1967, a black soldier was killed while in jail. A 72-year-old black gardener was bludgeoned to death with a baseball bat by the "fire and brimstone" preacher Larry Potts. Potts claimed that the old man was trying to rape his wife and got off clean — "justifiable homicide."

The unstable situation in Cairo has grown shakier, particularly since blacks formed the United Front in April, 1969. The United Front has demanded jobs for black people in proportion to their numbers and representation for black people at all levels of local political power. White reaction to black demands was predictably hostile. The United Citizens for Community Action — a euphemistic guise for the White Hats, a vigilante mob of 600 "emergency" deputized whites — resorted to shoot-ins on Pyramid Courts and burnings of UF-owned property. The UCCA has close ties with the White Citizens Councils of America and the American Nazi Party.

Black retaliation to white hostility is a boycott of the 44 white businesses located on downtown Commercial Street. The 20-month boycott has definitely hurt Cairo's already failing economy. Eight businesses have gone bankrupt. "The boycott's killing Cairo," one white businessman said; and says a UF spokesman, "If this continues through Christmas, there's gonna be a lot more businesses closed." White merchants admit their receipts have dropped 40%.

Blacks, due to a cooperative effort, are surviving the boycott better than whites. They travel either 32 miles

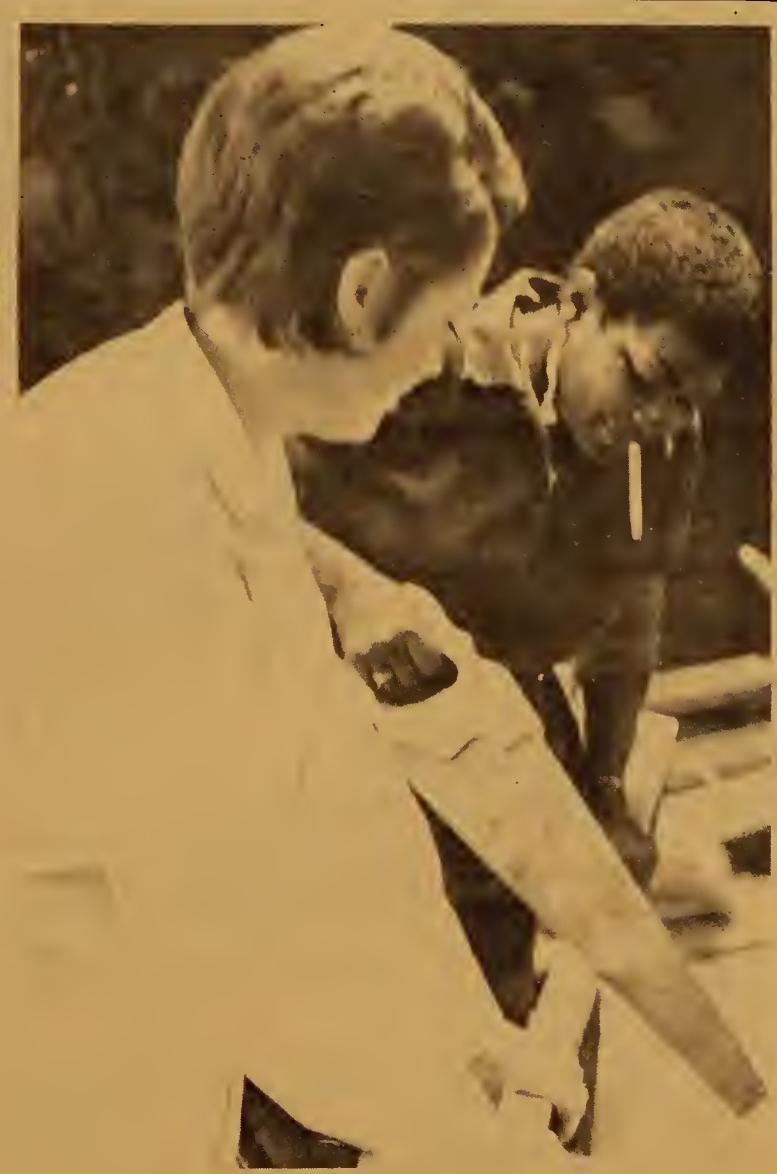
there have been 142 sniper attacks on Pyramid Court by Cairo police and vigilantes. In addition to the sniping attacks, arsonists have destroyed a grain company which hired blacks, a Pentecostal Church, Pop's Sweet Shop and a Black-owned tavern.

Recently Cairo police have fabricated stories of black snipers attacking firemen and black guerrillas in military uniforms assaulting the police station. These stories were published around the country on the wire services. However, after "several hundred rounds" of automatic weapons fire (following months of alleged black sniping), there are no more than a dozen or so pock marks on the face of the police station. Also, the police seem to have been unable to wound or kill any of their "attackers," who had allegedly parked their attack vehicles directly in front of the station.

Confronted by reporters, police chief Fred Theriac changed his story. He only saw three blacks, not 16 or 20, and they were across the street. He admitted earlier stories from police that firemen had been prevented by snipers from fighting a fire consuming a grocery store in the black neighborhood were "false reports."

Gov. Ogilvie of Illinois, however, has sent 24 state troopers and an armored personnel carrier into Cairo for "as long as necessary — and by

Cont. on page 21



People busy making the Carl Hampton Free Clinic a reality. The clinic is being organized by People's Party II, with the help of comrades from the Red Coyote Tribe, the Houston Health Coalition, and others. The clinic will provide medical care and community health education for people in Third Ward.

Donations (tax-deductible) are needed! Call Switchboard, 522-9769 and leave your name and number. DO IT!

JAMES AARON TO BE TRIED IN JANUARY

The pre-trial hearing of James Aaron, a People's Party II brother, has been reset for Jan. 14, 1971. James is charged with assault with a deadly weapon, a bullshit charge stemming from the very first police harassment of People's Party II last July 17.

What happened that Friday was that two patrolmen harassing a PPII brother for selling that Panther paper escalated to a stand-off between pigs and Carl Hampton (murdered by police last July 27). Four days later James was stopped while driving. When weapons were found in the trunk of his car, he was taken down and charged. When they found out that that charge wouldn't stick, they dropped it and invented the assault charge.

Remember, Jan. 14. The public is cordially invited.

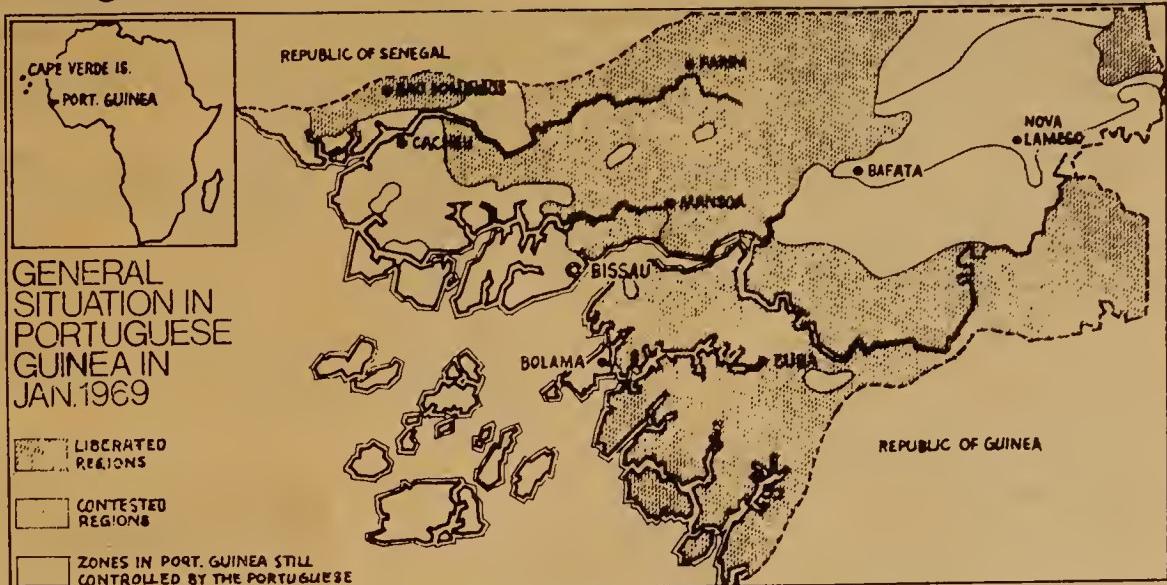
GUINEA: Life in the Liberated Zones

(indented quotations are extracts from the Party directive of 1965)

If ten men go to the rice field and do the day's work of eight, there's no reason to be satisfied. It's the same in battle. Ten men fight like eight; that's not enough . . . One can always do more. Some people get used to the war, and once you get used to a thing it's the end. You hear the motor on the river and you don't use the bazooka that you have, so the Portuguese pass unharmed. Let me repeat: one can do more. We have to throw the Portuguese out . . . - Party Directive 1965

The people of "Portuguese" Guinea have done more — they have seized their independence. According to Amílcar Cabral, head of the nationalist party, PAIGC, Guinea is effectively an independent state that has some parts of its liberated territory still occupied by foreign forces. The people throughout most of the country consider themselves free; they don't have to ask Portugal for their independence. But the revolution which the PAIGC has been planning and directing will not end when the Portuguese have finally been ousted from the few urban centers they infest.

Always bear in mind that the people are not fighting for ideas, for the things in anyone's head. They are fighting to win material benefits, to live better and in peace, to see their lives go forward, to guarantee the future of their children. . . - P.D. 1965



The success of the struggle has depended on the people of Guinea Bissau (ninety-five percent of whom are peasants) being trained to take up their cause. It is not enough for Cabral or the Party to denounce colonialism; to defeat the Portuguese, the PAIGC had to create a new society based on the economic needs of the people rather than those of the colonial ruler.

The specifics of the PAIGC's success are readily observable: everyone is fed and clothed; and the country is well on its way to a self-sufficient agriculture and a bartering system of exchange completely independent of the old Portuguese

economic presence. The PAIGC has also greatly expanded medical services. Prior to the accession of PAIGC in early 1960's, 60% of all children in the territory died before reaching the age of five. Now there are field hospitals and three permanent hospitals, and twenty times as many trained doctors and nurses as under colonial rule.

Create schools and spread education in all liberated areas. Educate ourselves, educate other people, the population in general, to fight fear and ignorance, to eliminate little by little the subjection to nature and natural forces which our economy has not yet mastered. Convince little by little, that we shall end by conquering the fear of nature, and that man is the strongest force in nature . . . - P.D. 1965

The specific success of the revolution is also demonstrated by tremendously increased educational level of the country. The Portuguese left behind them an illiteracy rate of 99.7%. In the past 500 years of colonial rule, only seventeen students had graduated from a university. There were only a few schools in the country, with a total of 2,000 pupils. Now there are more than 15,000 pupils in the liberated zones. Not all the pupils are children, freedom fighters and other adults are also in school, many for the first time. As a result of this effort, 70 to 80 percent of the people are literate. Education is central to the new life being built in independent Guinea; but even more important is that the tasks of building the new society are shared.

Cont. on page 21

Black Workers Call for Boycott of Polaroid

"We can't have Blacks in our International Sales Department — we wouldn't be able to send them to South Africa." This "innocent" remark to Ken Williams, a black worker at the Polaroid Corporation in Cambridge, Massachusetts has sparked a major confrontation between black workers and the corporation over their involvement in South Africa.

Investigation by the Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement revealed that Polaroid has extensive sales in racist South Africa — through a South African agent Frank & Hirsch. In addition to Polaroid film and Sunglasses (the latter manufactured in South Africa exploiting cheap black labour), the controversial I.D. -2 identification system is also sold there — commercially and to the South African army and air force. (The I.D. -2 is a computerized identification system that can produce photographs, fingerprints, and identifying number in 2 minutes.) The system is a perfect tool for a fascist government that relies on oppressing people by a host of repressive laws.

After getting zero response from the Polaroid Corporation to the questions, the Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement called a rally on October 7, where three demands were presented: (1) that the company completely disengage from business in South Africa, (2) that the management issue a statement in the US and South Africa denouncing apartheid and (3) that the Polaroid Corporation contribute the profits that it has made in South Africa to the recognized Liberation Movements there.

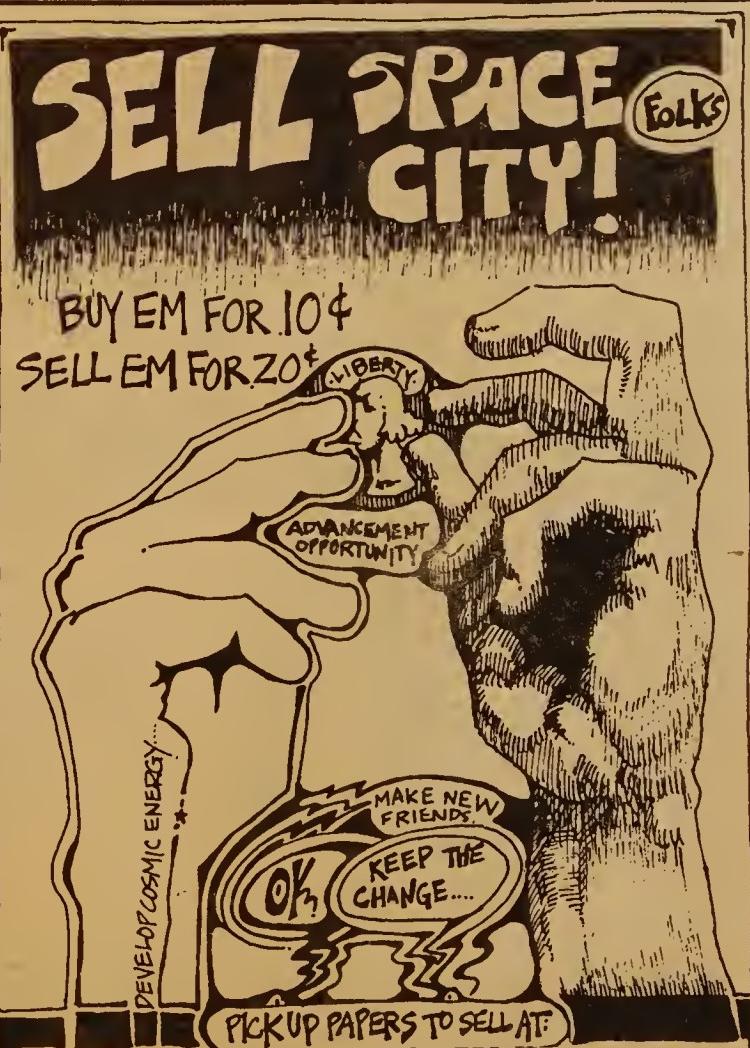
In addition to the rally, employees were leafleted. Company response to the workers was typical. "We don't do business that way," said Vice-President Arthur Barnes. "There is no way to respond to demands from a group which handled the situations the way this group has." (sic). But it soon became obvious that the group had backing in the company. Even the self-appointed, powerless, all black "Volunteer Committee" (the Company recognizes them) moved to support the demands. A meeting of representatives from the workers movement, the volunteer committee and high level company officials decided to recommend to the board that the three demands be met.

Again the Company response was no, though Polaroid in a liberal fashion tried to make it appear as though they were compromising, by saying they would stop part of their sales in South Africa.

The workers demands have not been met. Polaroid, as all corporations faithful to the profit motive, has decided to continue to exploit blacks and side with whites in South Africa. The Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement has called for a boycott of all Polaroid products, until the demands are met.

Polaroid Corporation is particularly vulnerable as it has attempted to build its image as a "very liberal institution". But as one member of the workers movement said, "With Polaroid in South Africa, I'd be accepting a salary that comes partly from profits made in South Africa. That's blood money."

— Africa Research Group



Space City!, 1217 Wichita; Allen's Landing: Red Emporium, 1021 Commerce; Montrose: General Store, Fairview at Taft . . . or Paragon Books, 908 Westheimer . . . or Lucifer's Head, Shadperd near Alabama; Northside: Surfhouse, 1729½ W. 34th.

HI-SKOOL RAP-UP

Little Red Schoolhouse is reorganizing and we are planning two or three seminars dealing with how to start an underground high skool newspaper. Although many students are beginning to realize the necessity of getting together in order to accomplish their objectives, only a few dedicated sisters and brothers are showing real support for a paper which tries to educate people about the fascist country they have to live in.

Maybe it's fear of getting ripped off or maybe it's that some just don't dig the paper. Anyone who doesn't dig LRS can come to the seminars and learn how to start another paper, but as of now LRS is your only paper and you must support it.

BELLAIRE

During his six-week's test, one young man was called down to the office. Why? For exercising his constitutional rights by passing out leaflets and newspapers which the administration termed "subversive, unsanctioned and radical."

He also discovered while at the office that distributing literature is legal under the constitution, but illegal under HISD regulations. He also discovered another rule which states that the "intended publication must be given to the principal for sanction, and that he may take up to one school day for sanction, and he will do said publication under personal discretion."

After the student and the principal talked a little while longer the question came up as to whether the young man would continue to pass out such "trash." The student replied he would use his rights to the fullest extent. The principal then informed him that if he was caught again, he would be prosecuted not only under HISD suspension rules, but also under any applicable municipal, state or federal laws. We are waiting on more information from him.

LAMAR

Lamar's organization, SOFT (Student Organization for Free Thought), has printed up two newsletters concerned with uniting the student body and informing students of the activities of SOFT. They have three objectives at the moment:

1. Smoking circles on campus. They have permission of the school board to circulate petitions.
2. They want a better variety of courses.
3. They are trying to get Gene Lantz to speak to the SOFT group. Gene Lantz is head of the only free school in Houston.

Their meetings are fairly regular... for more information call Switchboard at 522-9769. They are always looking for new members.

& IN PASADENA

This report came to Space City! in the form of a letter. It stands as further proof that in many cases the most repressive conditions foster the heaviest rebellion. Power to the rebels of the PISD!

Dear Space City!

I write to you concerning a very real but hushed up problem in our community. Namely, the fascist-like tactics being used by the administrators in the Pasadena Independent (ha!) Skool District.

When I was attending Pasadena High Skool I thought things were pretty rough. The hair and dress code stunk of 1930 conservatism and students were being kicked out for just about any damn thing that the administrators thought would endanger the good standings of the school. By the way, the PISD is supposed to be one of the most respected and conservative in the nation, according to skool administrators. It seems that I got out just in time to escape the full-scale onslaught of oppression being brought down on the heads of our brothers and sisters in the tiny nation of Pasadena.

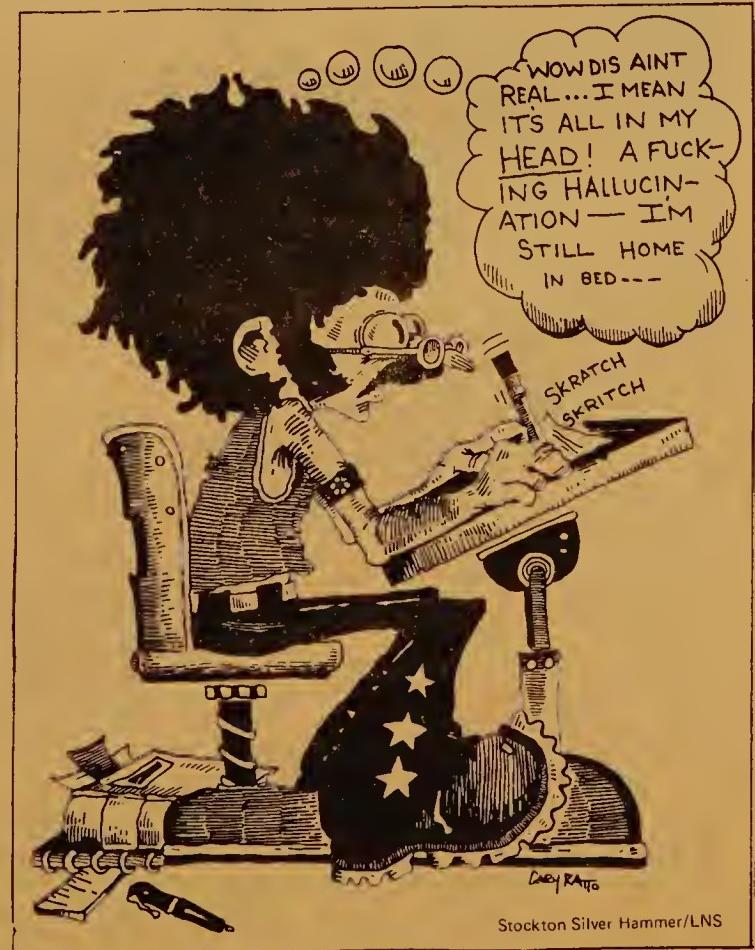
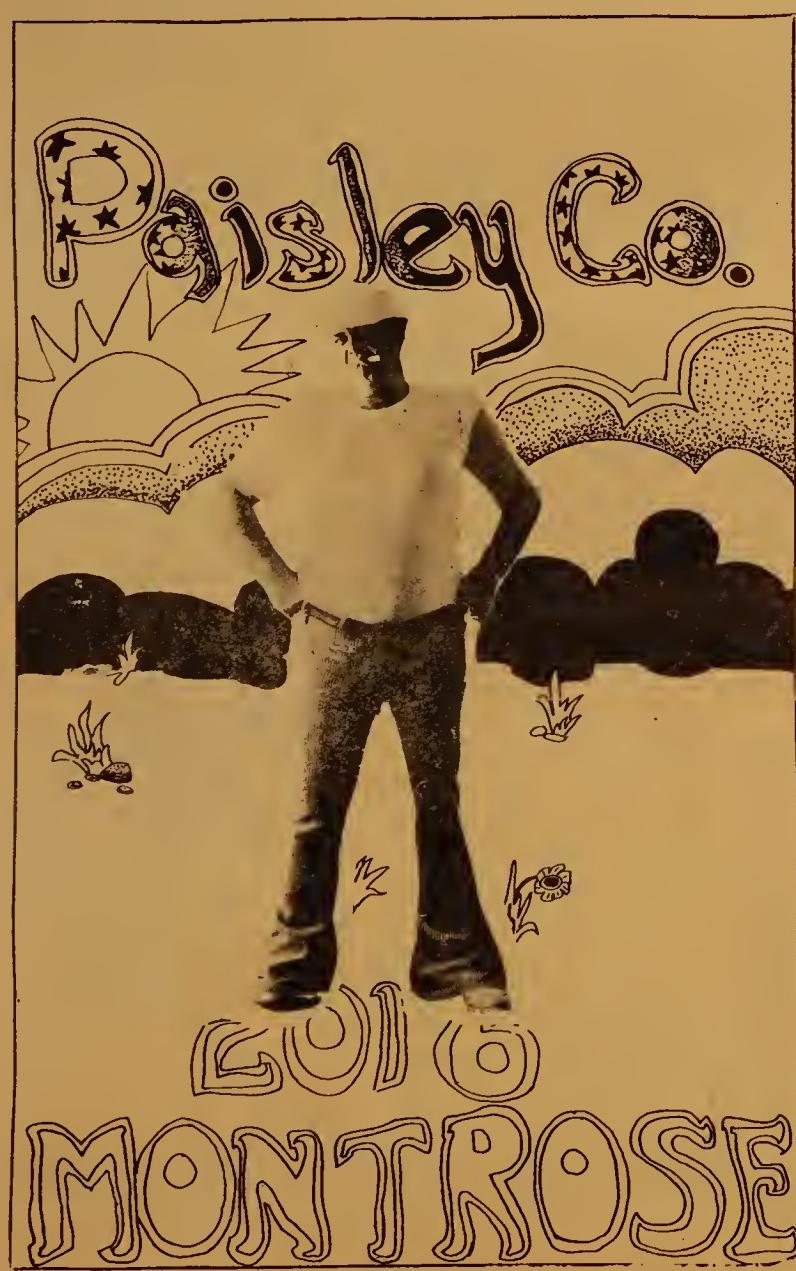
A few weeks ago at South Houston High Skool, the ROTC and football players unofficially decided to rid the skool of a menace: a group of unhappy students who showed their lack of skool spirit by raising the clenched fist at pep rallies. So, at the next pep rally, the clenched fists were raised and the ROTC's and jocks moved in with their trusty baseball bats and beat the everlovin' shit out of the "dirty Commies," putting four of them in the hospital. To top this pile of shit off, the pig principal got on the loudspeaker and congratulated these "fine young men" for "protecting" the skool. Really fine and noble of him, huh?

A week later, at Pasadena High School, several students were kicked out for three days for raising the clenched fist at a pep rally. There was no violation of any kind of school policy and absolutely no rules were broken. Our brothers and sisters were expelled simply because the fascist administrators (Principal Lonnie B. Keller, Vice-Principal Wilburn Lynch, Ass. Principal Frank Braden, and Dean of Girls Agnes McKinley) wanted to punish these "insurgent radicals" for trying to "overthrow the skool and degrade its good standing in the community."

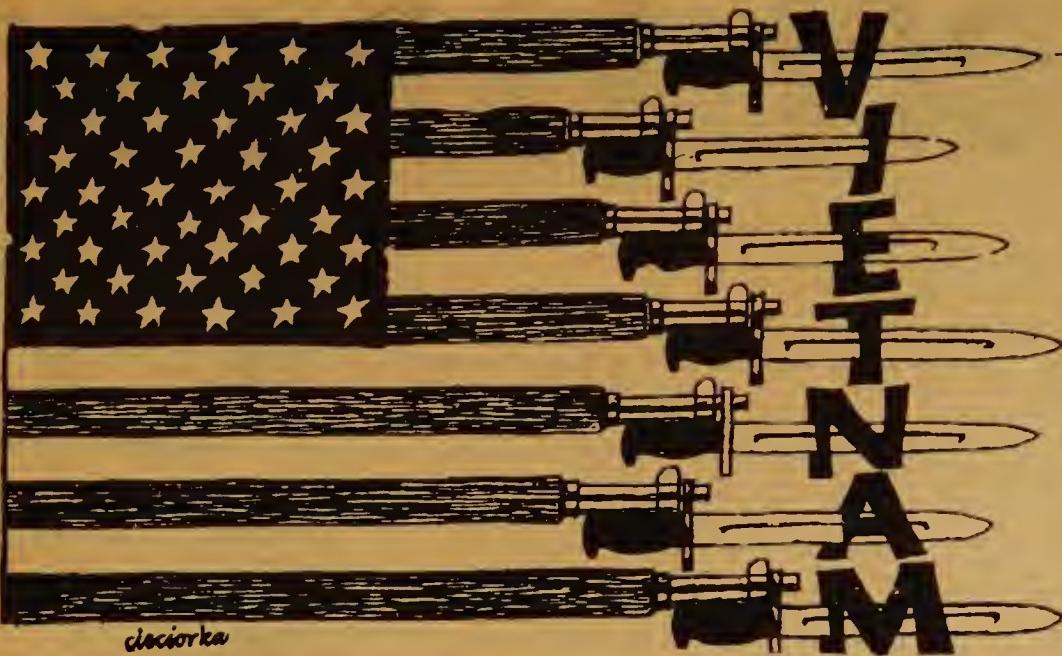
The most recent repressive move by PISD officials is the ruling making it a violation of skool policy to flash the "V" peace sign or have a peace symbol on your clothing, books, jewelry or in your navel! Anybody in possession of one of the "revolutionary communistic perverted hippie emblems" is subject to suspension! Can you dig it? How the fuck is anyone supposed to be able to study and "learn" if they're in constant fear of being busted for God knows what? I feel the time has come to free our brothers and sisters from bondage out Pasadena way.

Free the "educational" prisoners in Pig Pasadena Skool District!

Angrily,
John Hinton
PHS Grad



Stockton Silver Hammer/LNS



cioroka

THE INDO CHINA STORY

THE INDOCHINA STORY, by the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, 347 pages, Bantam paperback, \$1.25.

by Howard Romaine

This is the most important book yet written about the war. Read it. Read it even if just seeing a headline with Vietnam in it makes you sick. Read it if you've read 20 books on Vietnam alone and can recite both the Geneva Accords and Mao's Little Red Book from memory verbatim. Read it if you've not been able to get beyond the newspapers and TV.

I have not read a book about Vietnam for two years. I don't read the war news in the papers; I can't stand to watch it on TV.

Before that I read maybe 10 - 20 books, and I don't know how many magazine articles. Back then I read to be really sure of all the facts, before I took sides. Then I read more so I could better convince others.

Then I stopped reading. Because everyone was convinced. One way or the other. And the war kept on.

After Cambodia I even stopped writing. When CBS, NBC and ABC focus on mass outrage, what can the underground press say, what can any print media say?

But now everyone is convinced that Nixon is ending the war, or at least they hope he is ending it, or they cannot believe he is not ending it. He is too smart for that, they say.

I believed that myself and I ought to know better. I wore a PART OF THE WAY WITH LBJ button put out by SDS in '64.

I read this book because I had smatterings of intuition about the interconnections among Laos, Cambodia, Thailand and Vietnam, the interconnections cemented by our army, our CIA, our dollars, but I wanted a total view. And I wanted to know whether Nixon was really going to get out.

There's no plan to get out.

"Vietnamization" means reducing our permanent occupation force to about a quarter million men and massively escalating the use of firepower, especially airborne firepower: bombs, napalm, chemical defoliation. The most likely post-election possibility is a new escalation — perhaps even a nuclear escalation, as our client regimes continue to crumble politically, economically and physically.

Even as I write this I do not want to believe it. I want desperately to trust that old hide-bound conservative Nixon to make this system work. At least enough to get us out of Southeast Asia. But I do not believe he will because I do not believe he can, and it is not easy to express how dismal that

makes me.

* * * * *

This book runs through your brain like a tractor-truck.

The first section sums up in 70 pages the history and present status of our occupation of Indochina: "Vietnam: The Open War," "Laos: The Secret War," "Cambodia: The Balancing Act," "Thailand: The Client State."

The second section paints the tortured face of our war in Indochina: "The 'Science' of Counterinsurgency," "Pacification and American Intensification of Forced Relocation," "Weapons and Tactics," "Three Generations of Technological Death," "The Air War: Emptying the Country Side."

My Lai. I had not read about My Lai. I saw My Lai on TV. Their summary was enough analysis.

There was more: "Military Ground Operations: Extermination, Self-Preservation and Escape," "Defoliation: The War Against the Land and the Unborn," "Refugees: The Deliberate Tragedy," "Vietnamization: New Rhetoric for Old Objectives," "Mercenaries: Buying 'Allies' for America's War," "Elections in South Vietnam and Laos: Facade for Client Governments," "Military Censorship in Vietnam," "Executive Deception: Brainwashing the United States," "The Indochina War and International Law," "The Vietnamese-American Negotiations."

If terms like "brainwashing" and "mercenaries" sound like extreme usage for scholars, the reality they are describing is extreme. It is, in fact, the very essence of the absurd. The group of about 40 young Asian scholars who put this book together are passionately against the war, but they are committed with equal passion to careful and judicious scholarship.

* * * * *

and Latin America.

The weakness of much past criticism of American policy has been that the critics either have not believed this, or have been too afraid, for very clear personal reasons, of admitting it publicly. As the introduction points out, "it (is) a sad and striking commentary upon American society and the American intelligence that (such views) will seem heresy when introduced before the paranoid vision of world politics held by most Americans, victims of twenty years of relentless indoctrination."

This section is also important for it slays one synthetic State Department myth after another: the myth of Communist aggression, the myth of Chinese aggression, the myth of "protecting our boys" (by continuing the war), the myth that we are fighting for Vietnamese self-determination, the myth of "free elections" in South Vietnam.

Most people are familiar with the arguments by now. For those who aren't, this book is the simplest and most complete analysis to date of the inadequacy of our government's rationalizations.

Unfortunately, unlike a late night movie, the concluding parts of this grim little reader have no happy ending.

Instead, these students of Asian politics turn their analytical skills to the dismemberment of the American "Escalation Machine" and find that it has not yet moved off its well-greased track.

After a brilliant and brief chapter on the internal dynamic of past escalations and the probability of future ones, a chapter on intelligence and decision-making makes it clear that civilian control over the military apparatus is continuing to decrease. In

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MEN ALWAYS SEEM CO

I. This Was the World That Rock Built

I grew up on Peter Tripp, the Curley headed kid in the Third Row (an AM DJ in the late fifties in New York City). I spent a lot of time after school following the social life of the kids on American Bandstand. Then in high school I spent most of my time in my room with the radio avoiding family fights. Rock became the thing that helped fill the loneliness and empty spaces in my life. The sound became sort of an alter world where I daydreamed — a whole vicarious living out of other people's romances and lives. Sally Go Round the Roses, Donna.

In college, rock was one of the things that got me together with other people. Hours spent in front of a mirror learning how to dance, going to twist parties — getting freakier — tripping off the whole outlaw thing of My Generation and Satisfaction. I was able to dance rock and talk rock comfortably in a college atmosphere where everything else was mystified and intellectualized out of my comprehension and control. You didn't have to have heavy or profound thoughts about rock — you just knew that you dug it.

A whole sense of a people together behind their own music. It was the only thing we had of our own where the values weren't set up by the famous wise professor. It was the way not to get old and deadened in white Amerika. We wore hip clothes and smoked dope and dropped acid. Going to San Francisco with flowers in our hair.

For a couple years when I was with a man I remember feeling pretty good — lots of people around, a scene I felt I had some control over — getting a lot of mileage off being a groovy couple. For as long as I was his woman I was protected and being a freak was an up because it made me feel like I had an identity.

When I split from him a whole other trip started. It got harder and harder to be a groovy chick when I had to deal with an endless series of one night stands and people crashing and me always doing the shit work — thinking and being told that the only reason I wasn't digging being a freak was because I was too uptight. Going to Woodstock all but bare-breasted somewhere in the middle of all that and thinking I was fucked up for not being able to have more fun than I was having. In a world where the ups were getting fewer and fewer, rock still continued to turn me on.

Then I connected to the women's movement and took a second look at rock.

II. Crashing; Women is Losers

The Sounds of Silence: It took me a whole lot of times of going to the Fillmore and listening to records and reading Rolling Stone before it even registered that what I was seeing and hearing was not all these different groups, but all these different groups of men. And once I noticed that, it was hard not to be constantly noticing all the names on the albums, all the people doing sound and lights, all the voices on the radio, even the DJ's between the songs — they were ALL men. In fact, the only place I could look to see anyone who looked anything like me, was in the audience, and even there, there were usually more men than women.

It occurred to me that maybe there were some good reasons besides inadequacy that I had never taken all my fantasies about being a rock musician very seriously. I don't think I ever even told anyone about them. Because for the female 51% of Woodstock Nation that I belong to, there isn't any place to be in any creative kind of way. It's a pretty exclusive world.

There are, of course, exceptions. I remember hearing about some "all-chick" bands on the West Coast, like the Ace of Cups, and also remember reading about how they were laughed and hooted at with a general "take them off the stage and fuck them" attitude. And how they were given the spot in between the up-and-coming group and the big name group — sort of for comic relief.

Or the two women I saw once who played with the Incredible String Band. They both played instruments and looked terrified through the entire concert. (I kept thinking how brave they were to be there at all.) The two men treated them as backdrops — they played back-up and sang harmony, and in fact they were introduced as Rose and Licorice — no last names. The men thought it was cute that they were there, and they had such cute names. No one either on stage or in the audience related to them as musicians. But they sure were sweet and pretty.

It blew my mind the first time I heard about a woman playing an electric guitar. Partly because of the whole idea we have that women can't understand anything about electronics (and we're not even supposed to want to), and also because women are supposed to be composed, gentle, play soft songs. A guy once told my sister when she picked up his electric guitar that women were meant to play only folk guitar, like Joan Baez or Judy Collins, that electric guitars were unfeminine. There are other parallel myths that have kept us out of rock — women aren't strong enough to play the drums, women aren't aggressive enough to play good, driving rock.

And then there is the whole other category of exception — the "chick" singer. The one place, besides groupie, where the stag club allows any space for women to exist. And the women who make it there pretty much have to be incredible to break in, and they are — take for instance Janis Joplin and Aretha Franklin. It's a lot like the rest of the world where women have to be twice as good just to be acceptable.

Words of Love: Getting all this together in my head about the massive exclusion of women from rock left me with some heavy bad feelings. But still there was all that charged rock energy to dig. But what was that all about anyway? Stokely Carmichael once said that all through his childhood he went to the movies to see Westerns and cheered wildly for the cowboys, until one day he realized, that being black he was really an Indian and all those years he had been rooting for his own destruction. Listening to rock songs became an experience a lot like that for me. Getting turned on to Under My Thumb, a revenge song filled with hatred for women, made me feel crazy. And it wasn't an isolated musical moment that I could frown about and forget. We are cunts, sometimes ridiculous (Twentieth Century Fox), sometimes mysterious (Ruby Tuesday), sometimes bitchy (Get a Job) and sometimes just plain cunts (Wild Thing).

And all that sexual energy that seems to be the essence of rock is really energy that climaxes in fucking over women — endless lyrics and a sound filled with feelings I thought I was relating to but couldn't relate to — attitudes about women like put downs, domination, threats, pride, mockery, fucking around and a million different levels of woman hating.

For some reason the Beatles' "rather see you dead little girl than to see you with another man" pops into my head. But it's a random choice. Admittedly there are some other kinds of songs — a few with nice feelings, a lot with a cool macho stance toward life, and a lot with no feelings at all, a realm where, say, the Procol Harem shines pretty well at being insipid or obscure (A Whiter Shade of Pale). But to catalogue the anti-woman songs alone would make up almost a complete history of rock.

This all hit home to me with knock-out force at a recent Stones concert when Mick, prancing about enticingly with whip in hand, suddenly switched gears and went into Under My Thumb with an incredible vengeance that upped the energy level and brought the entire audience to its feet dancing on the chairs. Mass wipe-out for women — myself included.

Contrast this with the songs that really do speak to women where our feelings are at, songs that Janis and Aretha sing of their own experience of being women, of the pain and humiliation and

CO RO



TO END UP ON TOP

ROCK
ROCK



the love. And it's not all in the lyrics. When Aretha sings the Beatles' Let It Be she changes it from a sort of decadent sounding song of resignation to a hymn of hope. A different tone coming from a different place.

The Great Pretenders: The whole star trip in rock is another realm where macho reigns supreme. At the center of the rock universe is the star — flooded in light, offset by the light show and the source of incredible volumes of sound. The audience remains totally in darkness: the Stones kept thousands waiting several hours till nightfall before they would come on stage at Altamont.

The stage is set for the men to parade around acting out violence/sex fantasies, sometimes fucking their guitars then smashing them, writhing bare chested with leather fringe flying, while the whole spectacle is enlarged 100 times on a movie screen behind them. And watching a group like the Mothers of Invention perform is a lesson in totalitarianism — seeing Frank Zappa define sound and silence with a mere gesture of his hand. There is no psychic or visual or auditory space for anyone but the performer — even if 400,000 are gathered.

This intensity could be fantastic but it is abused — I remember Jesse Colin Young of the Youngbloods turning to his audience with disdain — "the least you could do is clap along." First you force the audience into passivity and then you imply that they are fucked up for not moving.

Smile On Your Brother: Something else about the audience — even after I realized women were barred from any active participation in rock music, it took me a while to see that we weren't even considered a real part of the listening audience. At first I thought I was being paranoid, but then I heard so many musicians address the audience as if it were all male — "I know you all want your ol' lady home tonight . . ." "This is what you do with a no good woman . . ." etc. etc. It was clear that the concerts were directed only to men, and the women were not considered people but more on the level of exotic domestic animals that come with their masters or come to find masters. Only men are assumed smart enough to understand the intricacies of the music. Frank Zappa laid it out when he said that men come to hear the music and chicks come for sex thrills. Dig it!

It was a real shock to put this all together and realize rock music itself — all the way from performing artist to listener — refuses to allow any valid place for women. And yet I know there would never be rock festivals and concerts if women weren't there — even though we have nothing to do with the music. Somehow we're very necessary to rock culture.

Women are required at rock events to pay homage to the rock world — a world made up of thousands of men, usually found in groups of fours and fives. Homage paid by offering sexual accessibility, orgiastic applause, group worship, gang bangs at Altamont. The whole rock scene (as opposed to rock music) depends on us being there. Women are necessary at these places of worship so that, in between the sets, the real audience (men) can be assured of getting that woman they're told about in the lyrics. And what is that woman supposed to be like? Well it's not enough to be just a plain old cunt — we have to be beautiful and even that's not enough — we've got to be groovy — you know, not uptight, not demanding, not jealous or clinging or strong or smart or anything but living in a way that never cuts back on a man's freedom. And so women remain the last legitimate form of property that the brothers can share in a communal world. Can't have a tribal gathering without music and dope and beautiful groovy chicks.

For the musicians themselves there is their own special property — groupies. As one groupie put it: "Being a groupie is a full-time gig. Sort of like being a musician . . . you have two or three girlfriends you hang out with and you stay as high

and as intellectually enlightened as a group of musicians. You've got to if you're going to have anything to offer . . . you are a non-profit call girl, geisha, friend, housekeeper; whatever the musician needs."

This total disregard and disrespect for women is constant in the rock world and has no exceptions. Not even Janis Joplin, the all-time queen of rock. She made her pain evident in all her blues — that's what made them real. And the male rock world made her pay for that vulnerability in countless ways. Since women don't get to play the instruments, it means they're always on stage with nothing to relate to but the microphone, and nothing between them and the audience but their own bodies. So it is not surprising that Janis became an incredible sex object and was related to as a cunt with an outsize voice. Almost everyone even vaguely connected to rock heard malicious stories about how easy she was to fuck. This became part of her legend and no level of stardom could protect her because when you get down to it she was just a woman.

Because she was at the top and a woman, her success was so threatening to some pig interviewer that he had to hammer her with accusations about who she was sleeping with until he broke her and she cried saying, "I thought you were my friend."

And Who Could Be Foolin' Me? And whoever thought this was all the brothers were offering us when they rapped about the revolution? Why do we stick with it? Women identified with youth culture as the only alternative to our parents' uptight and unhappy way of life. We linked up with rock and never saw how it fucked us over. Partly this was because we had no sense of being women together with other women. Partly this was because it was impossible to think of ourselves as performing as exhibitionists in macho sex roles, so we didn't wonder why there weren't more of us on stage. Partly because we identified with the men and not other women when we heard lyrics that put women down. And a lot because we have been completely cut off from perceiving what and who really are on our side and what and who don't want to see us as whole people.

We have been told until we too believed it that we are crazy and weak and dependent and irrational and frivolous and unattractive and stupid. In culture after culture men have destroyed our minds and fucked over our bodies.

In a world of men, Janis sang our songs. It is time for us to reclaim the Janis Joplins and the Billie Holidays and the Marilyn Monroes that belong to us and have always belonged to us even if we didn't always see it. As Billie Holiday said, "It's the easiest thing in the world to say every broad for herself — saying it and acting that way is one thing that has kept us behind the eight ball where we have been living for years."

There is no reason for us to go back into the alienation and isolation of Woodstock Nation. Not in Woodstock Nation or in any of the other cultures men have forced and will try to force on women. It can't be now. We don't want to force a culture on anyone — we want to make space for every human being to be real in.

I feel awe at our possibilities, wondering where our unhampered feelings can lead us to — what culture, what society, what education, what music and dance, what ways of living will be ours? Inside each woman is an energy that is glorious and wild. Our combined energies can change the world.

— RAT/LNS

(This article first appeared in *RAT*, an underground paper published by a collective of women in New York City. For a one-year subscription, send \$6 to *RAT*, 241E14, New York, N.Y. 10003.)



by Gavan Duffy

An invigorating slap in the face to Fresh for being fresh — that is, sarcastic almost to the point of being overbearingly impish.

Fresh's recent RCA release "Fresh Today" is chock full of unusual insubordinate surprises. They play rule-breaking music. They fade into songs as well as out of them — they jump quite indiscriminately from one musical style to another, exaggerating each style to its frenzied logical conclusion — and they juxtapose bizarre sounds.

Honky-tonk pianos interrupt calliope perversions, insulting horns attack an unsuspecting boogie-woogie bass and gypsy violins sneer at aristocratic harpsichords.

A sticky-sweet bubble gum chorus cries, "You scare me to death with your horrible breath," making the 1910 Fruitgum Company reminiscent of an organic mescaline trip, when all-of-a-sudden BANG! Up chirps the London Woodwind Ensemble with a few baroque bars.

But the contradictions in Fresh's music are merely extensions of the lyrics, which, in turn, merely point out the contradictions of "civilized" industrial society that each of us has to deal with daily.

Because of the oneness of Fresh's music and lyrics, they are able to achieve unity of mood and thereby produce a soulful emotionalism. When they want to communicate an angry message, the singer spits the lyrics out in a machine-gun staccato, syllables parading in rapid-fire succession.

*Children of night are devouring the street
With blue neon faces and blood on their feet
A hot dog diet and a hunger for fights
A five dollar siren in a nightmare of lights
It's long past time and the start's not made
And the brightness of night turns to darkness of day
Just a note to the people who made it that way.*

Note the surrealist imagery. The vocalist almost screams this passage psychotically.

But Fresh can be soft too, sounding at times stoned and tranquil, but still ironically surreal.

*The Sergeant here is so kind
Nice.
He's out of sight and out of mind
Twice. Twice.*

*Stoned in Saigon
The gooks are getting lazy.
Lying in the sun*

*Where we can laugh
About the past
While rednecks print
Our photographs
Without the grass
I think we'd all go
Crazy.*



Fresh is a lot like Zappa's Mothers in that they're both creatively weird and sociologically bizarre. What makes Fresh different is that they're more together, better packaged, less ugly, better balanced and, of course, much fresher than the Mothers.

Dig on "Fresh Today," but try to listen on stereo earphones with intense volume — you have to hear them with your whole head.

* * * * *

Mylon Lefevre, who played behind Ten Years After at the Coliseum last week is pretty far-out too, if you dig Gospel-Rock. His style is somewhat similar to Joe Cocker's except that he's a bit more religious.

Mylon claims that he lost \$500,000 in inheritance by quitting his family's touring gospel act and joining the ranks of hippiedom.

Although Concerts West, rock rip-off artists extraordinaire, neglected to put Mylon's act in any of the promo for the Ten Years After concert, he and his group have been more than well-received. The Houston crowd stood and ovated them profusely.

Anyway, his Cotillion album "Mylon" is heavenly.
Mylon says, "God bless you."

skyrocket blasts off

There's a new band in Austin that has the potential of being the hottest thing in this state. The name is Skyrocket, and if the sound does the personnel justice, that is exactly what the band should do. Check this for personnel: Bob Tom, Jerry and Kenny Parker from the old (and in my opinion, much better) Shiva's Head Band, Fred on piano, and Brad on trumpet and violin (late first chair from the Portland Symphony Orchestra).

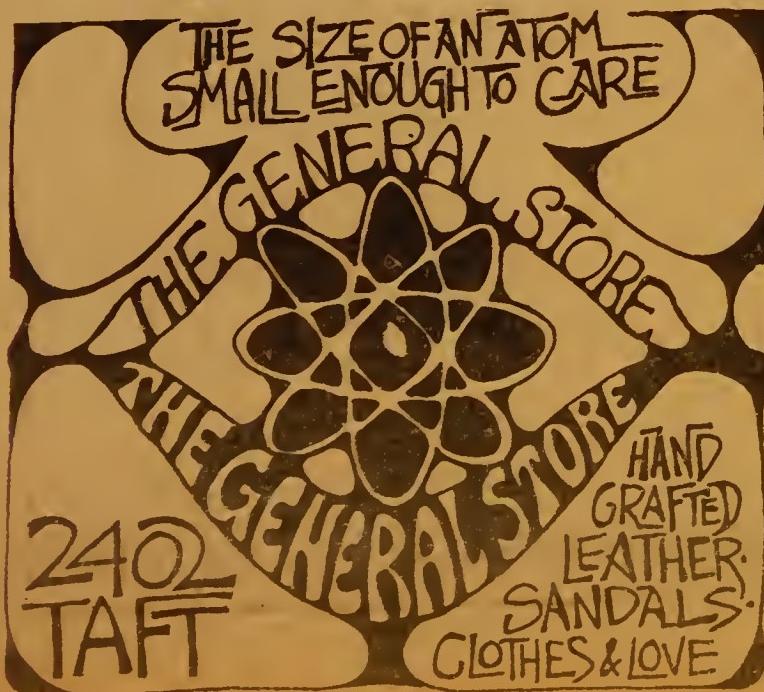
According to Jerry, the band will try to fill the vacuum created when Shiva's changed direction from head

music to funky blues. There will also be some Dixieland and a lot of jazz thrown in. Fred and Brad have never done a rock thing before so it ought to be pretty interesting seeing what develops.

Tapes of the group ought to be coming into town from Austin fairly soon. Watch for this group. It could be the finest thing to happen in this state for a long time to come.

By the way, the Children have got it back together again. Watch for them and their new album.

— Allen Box



THE NEW PROMISED LAND

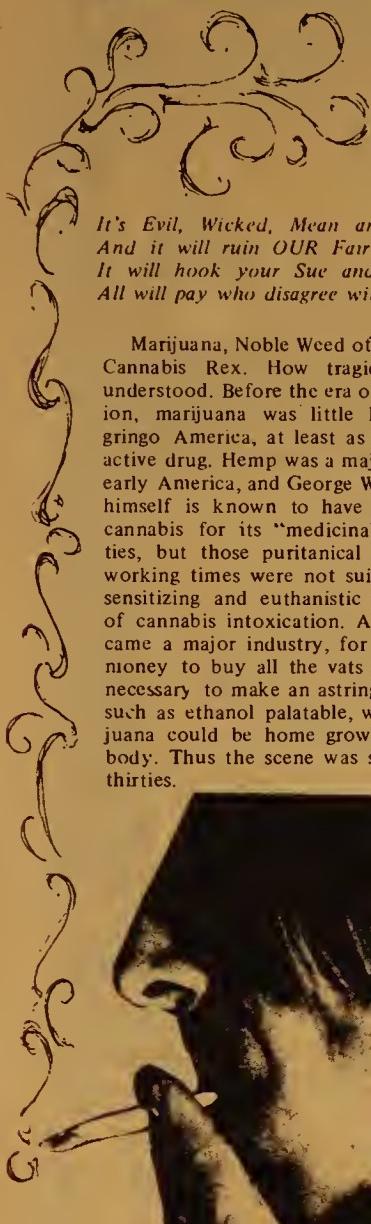
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*It's Evil, Wicked, Mean and Nasty
And it will ruin OUR Fair Country
It will hook your Sue and Johnny
All will pay who disagree with me . . .*

Marijuana, Noble Weed of antiquity, Cannabis Rex. How tragically misunderstood. Before the era of prohibition, marijuana was little known to gringo America, at least as a psychoactive drug. Hemp was a major crop in early America, and George Washington himself is known to have cultivated cannabis for its "medicinal" properties, but those puritanical and hard-working times were not suited to the sensitizing and euphoric properties of cannabis intoxication. Alcolol became a major industry, for you need money to buy all the vats and tubes necessary to make an astringent toxin such as ethanol palatable, while marijuana could be home grown by anybody. Thus the scene was set for the thirties.

Prohibition was finally appealed, ending the Federal Government's first attempt at suppressing a popular drug practice. But the liquor industry's problem was not completely solved. During the drought, marijuana use had spread from the blacks, Chicanos, musicians and so forth to a large number of citizens. Sales failed to climb as expected, stockpiles produced in expectation of a bursting dam were gathering dust. Something had to be done.

Enter St. Augustine Anslinger and the Big Smear. The weed with roots in hell is out to get your baby. Marijuana is heroin in drag. The Marijuana Tax Act, the Federal Narcotics Bureau; states follow suit. No spokesmen, no money, no defender; grass was vilified, outlawed and forgotten. For the distillers and brewers, business as usual.

But there were still the blacks, Chicanos and musicians; and also a few painters, writers and intellectuals. Depression passed into War, as the Depression Generation was taught that an evil state can be crushed and the world put to rights by the armed might of a righteous nation. But even then there were skeptics: aware before their time of the silliness and waste at the very roots of Amerikan culture. Beatniks, nomads. Pot, poetry, progressive jazz. In the fifties a sociological curiosity. But in the sixties . . .

Pick up any newspaper, any magazine. Harvard Prof Fired Over Mystery Drug. The Menace of LSD. The year is 1964, and Haight-Ashbury is becoming a good place to live. The introduction of the Hippie. How I miss him: gentle, getting along, enjoying life. Jesus must have had something like that in mind; but John Calvin didn't. Protestant America was scornful and suspicious; young Amer-

ica was captivated. Hordes of hungry adolescents gathered wherever publicity touched a developing hip community, driving the self-contented residents into virtual hiding.

The Haight became a slum and worse, Greenwich Village turned into plastic. Communes and college towns were overrun. The physical trappings of the unselfconscious hippie became very consciously fashionable, as did the physical trappings of drug use. But where the beatnik or hippie approached drugs with respect and even reverence, and integrated the use of drugs into an honest and joyous life style; the teeming teenies embraced push-button chemical hedonism with both the exuberance and the shallowness of youth.

LSD, like the One Ring of Sauron, reflects in its effects the stature of the user. To a man like Aldous Huxley, or Alan Watts, or Timothy Leary: men of vast and rich experience, wide, deep knowledge and intelligence, an acid trip is the soul-shaking, complex and almost divine experience these writers describe. To the average teenager, the same acid constitutes merely a weird kick; intense, often beautiful, but altogether different. Kids tend to use hallucinogens as a social drug, talk about colors and patterns, and as the trips which issue from their empty heads become increasingly repetitious or routine, they turn not to reading or thinking to supply food for thought to enrich the trips; but to more physically overpowering drugs: speed, smack. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Since the mid sixties, the use of illegal drugs has spread rapidly. First the colleges: I remember the beginnings of dope at Rice in 1967 . . . rather a provincial city, Houston. But we caught on fast; I'm sure at least 100,000 people have turned on in Houston in the last two years. There are probably 25 million heads in America, and counting. Uncle Sam is at it again, and again, the public will have its way. Too late.

For a new element has been introduced. A generation of young people raised to believe that the policeman is your Friend have lived too long in the shadow of felony arrest. The teenager of 1959 may have disliked the Fuzz for the speeding tickets he gave out, but his 1969 counterpart hates the Pigs as the symbol of a monstrous evil. Like people everywhere, the New Hippies tend to simplify things. To many people it is easier and satisfying to attribute the stupid and destructive abuses of our capital democracy to some malevolent and conscious power: the Administration, Big Business, the Rich. Combined with a heritage of John Wayne style problem solving, this black/white view of society becomes dangerous.

While we smoked our grass and trembled at the sound of every siren, we began to reconsider the basis of our faith in the American Dream. At last it was possible for a white student from a middle class family to begin to understand the oppression that is life for 20 million black people. We also learned that the hot 409 cashmere sweaters we considered essential to happiness a few years ago cannot compete with free time under a blue sky, loving friends, music, sex without conquest games and dope. It is too late. We will not return to business school and get ulcers over bigger houses and better cars. And herein lies my hope.

Today the world is overpopulated. Present numbers will double before our grandchildren are born, and most of the feeble, crowded masses by that time will be starving. Yet population control is still resisted by business

interests who have long associated a growing population with a prosperous economy. America should place the energy and emphasis which we squander on the political forms in Vietnam where it belongs: world-wide population control before it is too late. Instead, we race on to plunder the earth's crust; poisoning, paving, populating, exhausting for transient wealth the resources Nature took millions of centuries to store. The money-mad finance the lobbies which transform our very government into a tool for profitable repression overseas, irresponsible and unresponsive. But it is ending.

For while grass was turning us on to political reality, it also taught us to be sensitive, to think deeper about the

change.

With tighter money, industrial expansion will slow down; existing machinery and plants will have to become more productive. This could mean a large number of flexible work schedules for new workers; 10 or 20 hour weeks, alternate weeks or months off, and so forth. We are willing to live more simply; to exchange new cars and motorboats for the free time we save. What to do with our leisure is no problem: we have become masters at the art of enjoying our leisure harmlessly. Grass taught us that. In fact, this may be the real impact of marijuana on Amerikan culture: to slow us down, teach us to feel, bring us closer to authentic life values, reduce competition and abate the hoarding instinct.

Grass is counter-productive. It makes any unpleasant task next to impossible, although sometimes it makes the commonplace into fun. I am writing this article stoned, and enjoying myself. In general, though, dope tranquilizes, makes you sleepy and passive. To an economy which depends upon a highly motivated, consumer oriented population this is pure poison: who is going to buy the 1979 Cadillac? For that matter, who is going to buy the 1979 supersonic fighter-bomber? Not a government that represents me. For such reasons, not all of the enemies of marijuana are acting merely out of ignorance. But they are running out of time. The war for the minds of the young is going in our favor. In the year 2000, I will be 54 Nixon will be a withered old relic or a corpse. His ilk are already like dinosaurs; there is only one way to botch it.

Violence. Amerika is a past master at it: we took this land by force, defended it by force, rule a global empire by force. The multiple levels of police and military forces in Amerika have training, equipment, organization, communications, discipline and even dedication beyond the dreams of the Weathermen or Panthers. The dinosaurs wield massive power; power held in check only by a worn and fraying leash: a tradition of peaceful change and civil liberty still desired by most Americans, young and old. But middle Amerika is afraid — bombarded with headlines filled with riots and killings and Charles Manson, alienated from the youth they envy and emulate,



GRASS

they, like their children, tend to oversimplify.

The problem is dope, the problem is sex, the problem is the damned protestors. Grumble, grumble. And they elected Bentsen and others like him, didn't they? How far can repression go? Answer: keep the heat on, and we'll all find out. Tight censorship of radio, books, records. Special Amerikanizing training for your children. (Hitler youth learned to spy on their parents: "Tell me, Johnny, does your Mommy ever smoke funny looking cigarettes?") Interstate passports and border checks. "Rehabilitation Camps" for Agnew's "garbage."

And for what? If the Woodstock Nation truly exists, we will live our dream. The interference of the dinosaurs is annoying; they are busting us, drafting us, poisoning us; but they are also aging as our numbers increase. If we are really different from them, we can prove it day by day, by caring, by sharing, by loving. Violence is their

element; it can only set the "movement" back; it is already doing so.

I feel like a man who awakened to see the dawn - I was there in San Francisco, in Denver, Austin, the East Coast; I witnessed the miracle at Bethel and glimpsed beyond - only to see the sun turn around and start back down. Paranoia, class war, intolerance on both sides, the clannishness of the pseudohip, revolutionary bullshit by humorless missionaries who somehow believe that the same freaks who are too apathetic and self-concerned to vote or come to meetings or even pick up their trash at an outdoor rock concert, will magically become motivated to battle policemen and soldiers in the street, and that the same rednecked proletarians who blame the hippiepinkqueers for their troubles today will be fighting at their sides tomorrow. Marxist sociodynamics was debatable a century ago, ridiculous for America today. Our masses are not poor, most Americans feel they have something

to lose; the Bourgeoisie is not an elite minority, but encompasses the masses. We are outnumbered and outgunned.

I believe that violence can only retard the process of reform and change. Perhaps it is easy for me to say this, with my white skin and privileged background, but we must be patient. Today there are almost 40 million potential voters under 30. Reducing the voting age to 18 will add 12 million more, plus about 3 million a year coming of age from now on. Figure around 50 million of us qualified to vote in 1972. Powerless? Times have changed since we went clean for Gene. We may never see Leary for President, but we sure as hell could write Nixon off the slate. And there are plenty of people over 30 who see the light and have no love of Fascism. Given a little sweat; canvassing, registration drives, community cooperation; it could be so easy: comfortable coexistence with the parents and grandparents who worked all of their lives

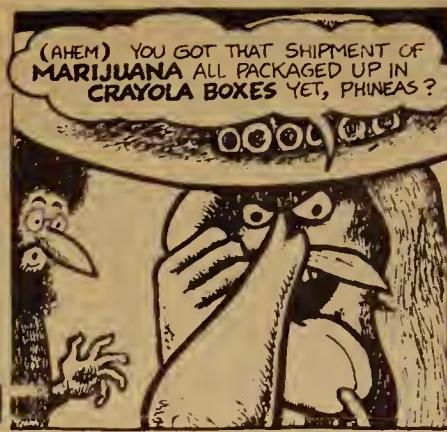
to create the wealth we take for granted, and a gradual transformation into an American Palla.

Marijuana (this is a paper about Marijuana, remember?) was the great awakener. It made millions of us outlaws by virtue of awareness. But it is also the key to healing a nation sick with myths and wallowing in tragic waste: turn on, tune in and take over.

Much of the preceding article "does not necessarily reflect the views of" the Space City! Collective. But we love Brian, think he comes up with good food for thought and ideological struggle, and herewith print it.

Hopefully (thought we ain't promising nothin') there will be a response next number.

Meanwhile: send your questions and comments about dope and similar phenomena to Brian Grant c/o Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004.



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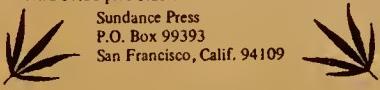
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DOING THEIR HEADS IN STYLE:



Sixth Street Theater in New York City. Photo by Mike Shuster/LNS

by Dina Epstein
LIBERATION News Service

It was a warm day in Washington, D.C. and people from as far off as California had been called to a special meeting by the Committee, of the Committee, and for the Committee. Something was underfoot but no one knew just what, although some of the usual rabble rousers whispered that plans had been designed to inspect Unamerican Activities — that a small band of student desperadoes called the Berkeley Free Speech Movement were coming to town to meet with the Committee, that is, the House Un-American Activities Committee, because this band of students wanted free speech in pre-revolutionary America.

Then the leader appeared and the band played Yankee Doodle Do It. He was a jovial youth, dressed in conservative colonial garb and his tone of speech was eloquent. "I regret that I have only one life. . ." They called him Jeremiah Rubin. He faced the Committee squarely on that day, the sword on his hip was gleaming, and announced so that all could hear, "A spectre is haunting America. . . the Redcoats are coming and revolution is nigh. We have nothing to lose but our minds and therefore resolve that by any means necessary, we proclaim — in the name of the American Rev-

olution — give us liberty or give us death."

* * *

Guerrilla Theater is:

"Theater-which-pretends-not-to-be-theater. Theater which is a reshaping of reality. . . The purest form of guerrilla theater never reveals itself, but like the Painter, simply stalks away into reality. . ."

— Marc Estrin, American Playground Theater

The players bow and leave but the people clap louder and louder — more, more. Wolf whistles sail through the air and the crowd presses closer together — they can not be dissuaded. They have come from the stores and tenements. Some women are still holding brooms, and babies crawl on the pavement examining a discarded whiskey bottle. One woman, holding a child in her arms above a pregnant belly, sits down on the curb alongside a young girl. It is early yet. . . too early for cooking dinner. She remembers a play she saw in April at the Abortion demonstration:

* * *

Ain't she sweet, making profit off her meat
just a packaged doll, a prime commodity,
Ain't she sweet. . ."

Beulah, black domestic, to Miss America: "You're the last of the Mohicans, honey. Miss '69 is in Saigon, entertaining the troops. Miss '68 is in a mental ward. Three more are dead — abortion, cyclamates, exhaustion. The first two winners are kept in a closet, under lock and key — cause HE — points to the capitalist — says they're too old. . . OB-SO-LETE. I've been pushing a broom for 400 years, and I figure not to do it much longer. . . I WANT MY FREEDOM!"

"The myth of the strong black woman is the other side of the coin of the myth of the beautiful dumb blond. The white man turned the white woman into a weak-minded, weak-bodied, delicate freak, a sex pot, and placed her on a pedestal; he turned the black woman into a strong self-reliant Amazon and deposited her in his kitchen that's the secret of Aunt Jemima's bandana."

— Eldridge Cleaver, Soul on Ice

Miss America understands — her face starts to brighten — ah, its all so simple. The audience of women shifts nervous, tense, concentrated — is it so simple?

Miss America: Will my husband fight with me?

Beulah: Maybe he will, maybe he won't.

Miss America: Will my mother fight with me?

Beulah: Maybe she'll stand by you — if you're fighting for her, too — but old habits die hard.

The mother walks away, disgusted. Suddenly a scream comes from the audience, from the numberless faces of unlookers: "Bring the mother back!" The one voice builds to two and three; the women in the audience who have all marched for free and legal abortions chant: "Bring the mother back!" swaying in unison, knowing together that all women are sisters and must fight together.

The mother, a play-actress, looks perplexed, this is not in the script. She faces the audience and suddenly sees women — all like herself. She picks up the chant and runs back on stage, happy — excited with possibility — she embraces her daughter — Miss America, with the love and affection of real discovery.

* * *

A real discovery. America woke up one day and discovered My Lai, Kent State, Jackson, Cambodia and an innocent Bobby Seale.

On November 18, 1969, BLOOD AND FLESH Theater took their first step towards visceral confrontation. Gathering in the lobby of the Museum of Modern Art, they suddenly threw to the floor a list of their demands, one of which denounced David Rockefeller's complicity with the war mach-

ine. As the chief owner of Standard Oil of California, as well as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Museum of Modern Art, he had leased one of his plants to United Technology Center for the express purpose of manufacturing napalm.

Following this opener, the BLOOD AND FLESH players began to rip each others clothes spasmodically, in a chaotic melee of indiscriminate blows. Screams of fright and pain and voluminous spurts of blood spewed forth, enveloping their naked bodies and splashing several well-dressed onlookers. Wriggling, they sank to the floor in a pool of blood and rags. They groaned, their contorted bodies piled one on top of another, struggling in slow motion to stave off certain death, the blood still oozing forth, intermittently, in streams of crimson red.

The Museum guards circled around the sprawling players but were afraid to touch them. Other people stared, some with eyes bulging through fear and disbelief. But it was only guerrilla theater...

* * * * *

And babies? And babies.

At the ghetto end of the Bedford stem



Blood and Flesh Theater at New York Museum of Modern Art. Photo by R. Connetx/LNS

THEATER OF THE STREETS

*What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up*

*like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore*

*And then runs.
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over
like a syrupy sweet?*

*Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load
OR DOES IT EXPLODE?*
—Langston Hughes

Black children space out
On the furnace called the street
Yet down a piece on the very same
drag
the air sings with the kiss of cool
salt
Red roses and green lawns draped in
mists of spray
A whole world's pain spilled from
flats
to pavements ablaze, at morning
and the vulture
stalks by noon.

— Art Berger, Bedford Avenue

Masters of imitation,
Do not ever lag behind.
However polished your art
Do not step too far
From the everyday theater,
The theater whose stage is the
street.

— Bertolt Brecht, "On Everyday
Theater"

DO IT, a Lower East Side Theater Group, recently attended a cocktail party at a fashionable West Village Town House. Halfway through the evening of stylized inert chatter, a sterling silver-serving tray was violently dashed against the wall. The black cocktail waitress had thrown it in a paroxysm of total rage, in response to a racist remark made by the white male caterer. The waitress followed this demonstration with an accusation which she then expanded to white people in general. A pall came over the room, the guests stood by uneasily. A queasy atmosphere, heavy and tense.

Then a man turned to the gentleman on his left and said in a loud whisper, "Who do they think they are?" Another man smiled and said, "She is obviously very sick." His wife agreed. "Some of them just love to make us feel guilty." Murmurs were heard, other people agreed, several repeated these statements, some added comments of their own. Everyone was relieved, the party could continue. The Black Woman was wrong, she was racist, not them.

Quickly the members of DO IT Guerrilla Theater grouped together; the caterer, the waitress, and the three racist guests. They bowed and thanked the audience for its cooperation and energetic participation. Amid gasps and glassy stares they left.

Earnest and gay the theater of the
street
Has uses
And Dignity
Not like parrot or ape
Do these men imitate for imitations
sake,
Unconcerned with what they show

Save that they themselves are imitating men.
They have their purposes in mind,
And in this, great actors that you
are,



New York's Pageant Players do their thing. LNS photo.

Indochina Story...

Cont. from page 11

fact, the book suggests that the military bureaucracy may be acting independently of the President in certain key instances which sabotage even the most peaceful intentions of civilian policymakers.

But this critical analysis of the social roots of America's continuing foreign policy crisis goes beyond the present and increasing problem of the militarization of our "national security" bureaucracy. The final two chapters in this section: "Pax Americana Military," and "Pax Americana: Economic" make clear the enormous economic, political, and military vested interests which force us to continue the war in Indochina.

These chapters chart out the enormously difficult task the antiwar movement faces in turning this country from its logic of destruction in Indochina.

Because of its realism, because of its lack of cant, because of its honest evaluation of the forces of reaction and aggression in this country and the weakness of our resistance, this concluding analysis cannot be anything but pessimistic.

While it calls for the utilization of every means possible in opposing continued American aggression in Vietnam — from electoral politics to mass action to individual acts of resistance — it faces up realistically to the fact that the only alternatives left for American society may be either rightist repression or revolution.

This is a difficult prescription for the middle-class, white antiwar movement to face — as I'm sure it was difficult for the drafters of this document to finally confront — but there may be no alternative.

Great Speckled Bird



Vietnamese woman. J.G. Michael/LNS

Los Siete ...

Cont. from 5

how it is to be Latin, the more conservative jurors got offended. Almost half of them thought the brothers had done something wrong, but the evidence didn't tell them what.

They reached their acquittals painfully one by one. Although they believe McGoran had drawn his gun and Brodnik had been shot during the struggle over it, at least one juror wanted to convict Bebe of manslaughter. He changed his mind when he heard the testimony of a prosecution eye-witness who said Bebe did not have the gun. It was thus by disbelieving Bebe's story that this last juror

decided to acquit him.

* * *

On Monday, Nov. 9, in leg irons and heavily guarded by deputies, the brothers were transferred to San Mateo County jail where bail was finally set.

When the six beautiful brothers finally strode out, they were flooded with the tears and embraces of the people who had waited for them. Never was it clearer than at that moment that the power of the people had freed them.



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- Nov. 27 — HI SKOOL RIGHTS CONF. — 4 pm
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Guinea: Liberated Zone ...

Cont. from page 9

Within each village a committee of two men and three women is appointed with the villagers' consent to coordinate the villages activities with those of the larger struggle. The local village government plays the major role in organizing the work of the revolt: collecting arms from storage depots before each attack, providing the insurgents with food, moving the wounded to field hospitals or to the frontier, and working "party land" set aside to sustain those who are devoting their lives to fighting full time. There is a people's militia which operates under each local committee to carry out police duties and to provide over-all security from sudden attack. Justice in the matter of minor offences is taken care of by elected people's courts (which base their findings on traditional tribal codes, sometimes modified by the Party's juridical commission).

Thus, day-to-day life in the liberated zones approaches the PAIGC's goal of participatory democracy, of political and economic decentralization. National consciousness cannot be formed by an ideology or imposed by an elite. To understand what "revolutionary democracy" means, to understand why defeating the colonialists has meant creating a new society, listen to Basil Davidson writing about *The Liberation of Guinea*:

We must practice revolutionary democracy in every aspect of our Party life. Every responsible member must have the courage of his

responsibilities, exacting from others a proper respect for his work and properly respecting the work of others. Hide nothing from the masses of our people. Tell no lies. Expose lies wherever they are told. Mask no difficulties, mistakes, failures. Claim no easy victories... P.D. 1965

These people will decide the future in the measure that they can decide. For a people conducting a revolution, this measure is not a small one. For it happens that guerrilla warfare cannot, by its nature, be successfully conducted without discussion, endless discussion, among all those who conduct it, whether as commanders or as commanded. Everything has to be explained... by oral statement and debate. For this is the kind of warfare in which individual thought and action count for more than anything else, and count all the time. This is a kind of warfare in which orders that seem to make no sense will probably be ignored.

And it is not only among the fighting units that this need holds good, even more it holds good for the parallel civilian structures in villages and hamlets where peasants can be asked to grow more rice, stay patient under aerial bombardment, excavate air-raid shelters, suffer the hardships of interrupted trade, shelter or feed fighting units and administer their own affairs in new ways — but where they cannot be forced to do any of these things.

This process of deciding for themselves by large numbers of village Africans, thinking now within a framework of hitherto unfamiliar or unthought ideas, forms a central aspect of what has been happening in Guinea since 1962."

Amilcar Cabral sees "What's been happening in Guinea" like this:

It would be naive to claim that the progress realized in our liberated areas has radically changed the social situa-

tion of their populations. Our people have to face a colonial war whose genocidal intentions everyone can see: they live under difficult conditions. Whole groups have seen their villages destroyed and have had to withdraw into the bush. Yet nobody goes hungry, nobody is exploited, the standard of living steadily improves. Our population reveals an enlarged political consciousness day by day; they live and work together in harmony; they face together the miseries of war that is imposed on us. Except for occasional cases of indiscipline, motivated usually by personal interest or by explicable misunderstanding, our populations are proud to follow the Party's lead.

Tell no lies. Claim no easy victories.

The articles in this issue on Portuguese Guinea and the Polaroid boycott come from the Africa Research Group, P.O. Box 213, Cambridge, Mass.

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Little Egypt...

Cont. from page 8

that I mean they may be there for several years." The troopers will be under the control of the racist police department and city mayor.

On Nov. 8, Rev. Walter Garret of the UF and Wiley Anderson, a black GI, were wounded as snipers fired into the Pyramid Courts housing projects.

Despite all this, up until the head white vigilante's lumber company was burned after the Nov. 8 shootings, not a single act of violence had been leveled against whites or their property.

Although poor whites are also fucked over by the situation in Cairo, there is little sign of a coalition of the two oppressed groups, black and poor white. They would be intimidated by the vigilante racists if they even thought about it, but racism runs so deep that the thought probably occurs rarely.

The United Front has distributed some food and clothing to poor whites, but this does not appear to have eased the racial animosity. United Front director Charles Koen sees little hope of a coalition: "First the racism has to be destroyed, which is really a manipulation kind of thing with poor whites. Until then you can't do it. They've been told that blacks are the cause of their problem. And there's no one there redefining things for them."

* * *

Nearly everyone in Cairo is armed, but that doesn't equalize things. The white racists have the power of "legal" violence through the police and sheriff's deputies (and the state troop-

ers). No whites have ever been arrested for offenses against blacks. And white racists get no trouble whatsoever from the governor's office. Whenever there's a rumbling in "Little Egypt", Ogilvie sends the National Guard to occupy the Pyramid Court section.

There are few possibilities of justice through elections. Many Cairo blacks are below voting age and whites control the machinery of elections (whites apparently voted 130% of their registered number in the last school board election).

Despite the weariness of 20 months of war piled on top of years of suffering, there is no evidence blacks are abandoning the Front. "The reason I support them is they're for black people and I'm black," said Jim Avery, whose tavern was riddled with bullets coming from the direction of the police station across the street the night of Nov. 6. Although he was once a policeman, the bringing of state troopers to preserve law and order doesn't fool him. "My place wasn't shot up by blacks. It was shot up by police and their associates. I've seen police stand in the middle of the street blocking traffic and shooting at Pyramid Court."

The Front has created a strong political base and a determined spirit among black people faced with crushing odds. The Saturday rallies before the weekly pickets of downtown are "a mixture of town meeting and religious revival." As Rev. Koen said, "People are living by a new religion in Cairo, where God is not pie in the sky by and by, but freedom right here and now."

DISJOINTED

"There is a Revolution Coming. It will not be like revolutions of the past. It will not require violence to succeed and it cannot be successfully resisted by violence."

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PETER MAX • HERMAN HESS

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LETTERS...

Cont. from page 2

Right now, we Houstonian's have available to us one of the finest and quickest ways of getting turned-on to the higher consciousness that is a result of correctly controlling our minds, THE HOME OF UNIVERSAL LIFE teaches AQUARIAN MEDITATION WHICH IS THE HIGHEST TEACHING, OF IT'S KIND, AVAILABLE TODAY! (Unlike other meditation societies, THE HOME OF UNIVERSAL LIFE is a completely free organization, that is, one isn't made to give up drugs, smoking, drinking, etc., or made to do anything!)

Now what exactly is AQUARIAN MEDITATION? As our teacher, BRAHMADANDA, says, "Aquarian Meditation is the practise of divine remembrance." In other words it is the practise of self-realization. Realizing who and what you really are; for you are not the flesh nor are you the experience but you are that creative substance which created everything. AQUARIAN MEDITATION is a fantastic way of life that unfolds as you accept your true self.

If Houston's "head" community were to practise AQUARIAN MEDITATION what could they expect?

Well to begin with, they would all begin to feel a real inner peace and then they would realize that they had more self-confidence than they ever had before. No longer would they depend on such delusions as "hope and luck" because they would be realizing that they alone have the power to control their own future. They would be able to keep all undesirable situations, (such as busts, hunger, harrassment, etc.) out of their experience.

They would experience an increase in health, wealth, peace and infinite wisdom. They would have an end to confusion within their minds and experiences and they would find that they no longer harbored any FEAR!

Does this sound weird? Does this sound too fantastic? If it does, just remember how weird and strange LSD seemed before you experienced it! This is all truth. Whether you accept it or reject it doesn't matter to anyone but you. (DON'T BURN YOURSELF!)

If the leaders of the community would start practising and experiencing a life of AQUARIAN MEDITATION then we would be that much closer to creating a truly beautiful community.

Therefore you are personally invited to attend our FREE lectures every Sunday at 11:00 at the YWCA 2nd floor, downtown at Texas and Crawford. (You will not be obligated to anything, OF COURSE!)

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keep the faith !

Space City:

I really dug your Oct. 3-16 paper. About TIMOTHY LEARY: BEYOND ACID; and the Weather men - Bernadine Dohrn. I think if Leary did drop acid or hit up shit or smoke grass, hash, opium he's not insane because if

PLAYBOY...

Cont. from page 3

ed me more than any of the strictly sexist slurs that man made. Nice, not the waitress type. Not the type of woman who is forced to work at one of the most demeaning jobs society has to offer, not the type of woman who earns so little that she can't afford to make herself "beautiful."

Playboy women - and that includes more than appear in the clubs and centerfolds - may not always be

he's far gone, so am I. Because I've done just about all of the dope, I am a folk singer and I stay stoned most of the time, and I dig it too. I like your paper and I think that, it will make it ok. PEACE, KEEP THE FAITH.

Well I got to (BOOGIE), so I hope your next paper is, as good as this one. I'll try to get to Houston to get it keep up the good work dig it.

Mike Coleman
Katy, Texas

P.S.
do you know anywhere I can get a job, playing guitar. if so write me back, ok, i need a job.

aware of the diseased dynamic that keeps them in their place. Like others trying to live out the Amerikan dream, these women may act as the agents of their own oppression. How else could men like Hugh Hefner keep their empires going?

But Playboy also commits crimes against men. What kind of a man reads Playboy, goes the Playboy promo ad. Well, he's good looking, suave, affluent, intelligent, witty, well-dressed, well-groomed, virile and young. Few men can even begin to approach this image, yet Playboy has each man thinking that merely by buying the magazine, he's the Playboy man. This image offers fertile ground for advertisers, who use the magazine to sell would-be Playboys everything from aftershave to automobiles.

Playboy representatives have been quoted as saying that Hugh Hefner won't allow any ads for such things as weight reducers or baldness remedies because Playboy readers shouldn't be reminded that they're old, fat and bald.

Gay people are also victims of

Hugh Hefner's Death Kulture ideology. It's only recently that mention of homosexuality has been allowed into the pages of Playboy and only through interviews with big personalities. Still Playboy maintains an overwhelming and oppressive heterosexual bias that just doesn't reflect the true sexual revolution that's going on today.

And finally Playboy, especially Hefner himself, commits crimes against the growing ranks of Amerika's poor and unemployed. The obscene opulence of Hefner's world - the Playboy jets, the clubs and the mansions - are a continual insult to those who literally don't know where their next meal is coming from. And no amount of beautiful naked women or well-dressed men or even interviews with Eldridge Cleaver can cover up that crime.



Playboy is merely a symbol or a symptom of a dying, decadent Amerika. Its perverted ideology helps stifle free and healthy sexual relationships between and among the sexes. Playboy and all it stands for will fall along with the rest of Amerika's Death Kulture. And we of the New Nation will dance on Hugh Hefner's grave.

- Victoria Smith

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The Liberation Library is now open at 1217 Wichita. We have lots of books and literature, so come by and use it or just come by and rap. We still would welcome any books, literature, furniture which you might have to donate. Contributions of money are also needed. Call 526-6257

Female folk and rock singer would like job with a group. Extensive musical, vocal background, flexible style. 528-5061.

Gibson electric hollow body guitar, 2 yrs. old, like new. \$125. Alamo Aimp. \$20. 473-3168. After 4 pm.

Help! Does anyone know of any unoccupied available space where some guys can get together and jam during the week? Sheryl - 433-6306.

Red Emporium Allens Landing Going out of Business Sale. 50% discounts on posters, jewelry, paraphenalia, etc.

REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE: - LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE! Mao TseTung SELECTED WORKS, 4 volumes, \$5 total; Mao's Quotations (Red Book) \$.40. Revolutionary literature from USA, China, Albania, Vietnam and elsewhere. ABSOLUTE LOWEST PRICES; WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY! Prompt delivery. Free price list. Good (revolutionary) gift ideas. Send your name and address along with cash, check, or money order to: International Books, Box 622, Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

To people who want to donate Xmas gifts to needy children in Houston's Barrios MAEC, Mex. Am. Edu., 3610 Edison, 224-8931, Sr. Gloria 9-4 M-F.

One portable TV - Great condition and picture. UHF \$50. Also one stereo that only needs new needle, \$15. Toni 522-9035.

Help wanted: Male 18-25 with car and insurance. Must be dependable. To work as driver for man on commission basis. Guarantee \$60 first 2 weeks, \$100 after that. 30-40 hours a week. Evenings 3-10 p.m. 5 nights a week. Call 524-4924.

Wanted! will pay \$75 - Need VW body with chassis and engine block in good condition. Any make and model. Does not need to run. Must be reliable. CASH! Anthony 785-3316.

The Gay Liberation movement finally has a published packet of literature available. It includes more than 15 articles, plus documents, poems, drawings, photos. \$1.25 (includes postage). Send to Gay Flames, Box 410 Old Chelsea Sta. NY, NY. 10011.

Hard Rock singer needs work. Denny Quintanilla 869-0489.

For sale for best offer: Floor-mount Craig-8 tape deck. Cost \$100. new Larry 442-2310.

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Kustom Bass Amplifier 200, 3cts. Speakers. Big, powerful, loud. Need bread. Must sell \$450. 679-310.

Want to travel - most anywhere is fine - sometime after Jan. If you're going somewhere and want a rider call Debbie at Switchboard. 522-0769.

Wanted! Old fender jazz bass. CHEAP! also fender showman or Kustom amps cheap. Hot or not. 621-5577. John

For sale: McIntosh stero amp, and pre-amp MA-5100 w tuner \$350. also 100 pd bike (not hot) \$35 call 668-2690 after 6. leave number.

Zone 6. Shirts and jeans. 1216 Westheimer next door to Budget Tapes and records.

1963 International step van - 12'6" partially fitted as camper; plumbing, electrical, engine overhauled - come see and make offer. 522-6915 or 664-1261.

Gibson Acoustic guitar. good condition \$80. 667-9310.

BUCKS BEAT BOMBS. KEEP PACIFICA ALIVE. send your dollars to Pacifica Radio, 618 Prairie, Houston 77002.

Come one and all to an exciting Coffee House, Dec 5, 8-12 pm. 2143 Westheimer. \$1.50. far-out entertainment: incl. John Garza, Chris & Anna Lee Jeffries, John Keintz, Dennis Quaid. all proceeds to charity. Info. 723-8442.

Dulcimers-Custom, handmade in Austin by D.C.C. III, the dulcimer freak. Inquire US Factory Co. on Old Mkt Sq.

Women write for books, periodicals, pamphlets, bibliographies, articles, clippings, tapes and pictures on women. Various packets of literature and other material also available. For information write Women's History Research Center, Inc. 2325 Oak, Berkeley Cal.

UNKLASSIFIEDS

Space City! Undclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

SPACE IN cont. from 24



WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH?, a play, at the Southwest Theater Guild, 2419 Times Blvd, near Rice University, Nov 27-28, Dec 4-5 and Dec 11-12, Curtain at 8:30 pm. Tickets \$2.50, students \$2. Call 528-8813 or 668-4692.

Playwrights Showcase presents Joe Orton's LOOT, described as "a screaming comedy." 8 pm, Nov 27-28, Dec 4, Dec 11-12 at Autry House, 6265 South Main St. Reservations at 524-3168 or through any Foley's store.

Studio 7's A CHRISTMAS CAROL opens Nov 27 at the Houston Music Theater. It's a new adaptation of the Dickens classic by John Simons. 8 pm, Nov 27 and Nov 28, 2 pm Dec 5 and Dec 19 at the Houston Music Theater. Ticket prices are \$1 and \$2 for matinee performances. At the family night showing, an entire family can sit in the \$1 section for \$2.50 and in the \$2 section for \$5. Reserve tickets at the studio 7 Box office, Houston Music Theater at 771-3851 or through any Foley's stores.

THE DEPUTY, a play about the church and the Nazis in World War II, Friday, Nov 27, Saturday, Nov 28 at Theater Suburbia, 1410 West 43rd. Call 682-3525 for ticket info.

Alley Theater's world premiere comedy RING AROUND THE BATHTUB will preview on Sunday, Nov 29 and Tuesday, Dec 1, 7:30 pm. Ticket prices are \$3.90, \$3.30, \$3 and \$1.90. Student groups of ten or more may purchase tickets for \$2 each.



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INS:OURS

THREE DOG NIGHT, 8 pm, Wednesday, Nov 25 at Sam Houston Coliseum. Another groovy presentation from KILT Radio and Concerts West, Kiddies. Tickets \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50. Call Houston Ticket Service 228-0006 or Brook-Mays Music Stores.

IKE AND LUNE TURNER REVIEW plus the tour beater, King of Rhythm Orch., 9 pm Thursday, Nov 26, at the Coliseum. Tickets \$3, \$4, \$5 at Houston ticket Service and Brook-Mays Music Stores.

PROMISED LAND, on Post Oak Road, 6 pm until*, Dec 6 ZZ TOP, BIG SWEET, SOUTH ST. LAUREN, MOTHER'S free concert.

SHE-NA-NA and the NEW YORK ROCK AND ROLL ENSEMBLE, Dec 4, at Hotheenie Pavilion, University of Houston. Presented by the UH Program Council. Tickets \$2 at Disc Record shop.

OF OUR OWN
FREE JAM, 8 pm Wednesday, Nov 25.
RED COYOTE HONKY TONK HOE DOWN AND HOWL IN, 4 pm to 1 am, Thursday, Nov 26.
HIGH SCHOOL RIGHTS CONFERENCE, 4 pm, Friday, Nov 27. Speakers include movement lawyer John Sayer and a speaker from the Austin Student Mobilization Committee.
MCS, with LA PAZ and LORIEN, 8 pm, Saturday, Nov 28, 5 pm, Sunday, Nov 29. Tickets \$2.50 at the door.
FREE JAM, 8 pm, Dec 5.
DENIM and GINGER VALLEY, 8 pm, Dec 11-12.
The CHILDREN will be coming soon to Of Our Own. And don't forget to reserve part of your New Year's Eve for SHIVA'S HEAD BAND.

TOWNES VAN ZANDT and ST. LAUREN, 9 p.m., Friday, Nov 27 and Saturday, Nov 28, at the Family Hand Restaurant, 2400 Brazos. Admission 50 cents.

BAROQUE CONCERT, 4 pm Sunday, Nov 29, Jones Lecture Hall, Museum of Fine Arts. Works of Blavet, Rameau, de Lavigne and Couperin. Tickets at the door.
HOUSTON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, 8 pm, Sunday, Nov 29, Hamman Hall, Rice University. Works of Brahms, Hindemith and Schubert. Violin Wayne Crouse is soloist in Hindemith's Viola Concerto. For ticket info, call JA 4-2287.
KOTO RECITAL, 8 pm Wednesday, Nov 25, Prudential Insurance Co. Auditorium, 1100 Holcombe. Koto performers present traditional and contemporary Japanese Koto music. Sponsored by the Consulate-General of Japan and the Japan-American Society of Houston in association with the Society for the Performing Arts. Free.

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SPACE IN

FREE! RED COYOTE TRIBE HONKY-TONK HOE DOWN AND HOWL IN 4 pm to 1 am, Thanksgiving Day at Of Our Own, University and Kirby. Saturnalia, South, Sons of Coyote, Denim, Woodwind and Fire and much,.. much more.

ROCK.

Biology seminar, STUDIES ON THE BIOSYNTHESIS OF STREPTOMYCIN, Dr. James B. Walker, Rice University, 4 pm, Nov 25, 123 Biology Bldg, Rice University.

The Shaar Hashalom Teen Group versus the Sharr Hashalom Sisterhood in the MATZOH BOWL, 1 pm Sunday, Dec 6 at Galveston County Park. Admission 50-cents.
NOW: A member of the Houston Chapter of the National Organization for Women will speak on the women's liberation movement at 7:30 pm, Dec 2 at the Elizabeth L. Ring Branch Library, 8835 Long Point Road. Erce to public.

SPACE IN continued on 23

BOOMS

UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON FILM SERIES

BEAT THE DEVIL, Dec 4.
HUNTING SCENES FROM LOWER BAVARIA, Dec 11. All showings at 8 pm, Fridays in the Library Auditorium at the University of Houston.

RICE FILM SERIES
RED AND WHITE, Miklos Jancso, Hungarian, 1967-68, 8 pm, Friday, Dec 4.
THE FID, James Broughton, 1966, short classic by one of the older founders of the American underground. 8 pm, Saturday, Dec 5.
No films will be shown over the Thanksgiving holidays. Admission \$1 for non-students.

DORIAN GRAY, updated version of the Oscar Wilde tale. Gaylyn Terrace, SW FWY at Bellaire exit, 771-1261. R
JULIUS CAESAR, latest adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy, Windsor Theater, 5708 Richmond, 622-2650. WUSA, with Joanne Woodward, Tower, 2101 Westheimer, 523-7307.

FIVE EASY PIECES, with Jack Nicholson, Galleria Cinema II, 626-4011. R

BEATLES FESTIVAL, more than four solid hours of Beatles fims, Lew's State, 1022 Main, 222-2040.
Z, the widely-known film on Greek fascism, will be shown at 7 pm, Dec 3, Dec 4 and Dec 5 at the Liberal Arts Bldg, Auditorium 2, at the University of Houston. Donation of \$1 for students, \$1.50 for non-students.

ON KUHT-TV, CHANNEL 8:

ASSIGNMENT HOUSTON, will investigate the problem of police brutality, at 9 pm, Nov 25 on Channel 8, KUHT-TV. The second half of the program will discuss the model cities plan in Houston.

The Public Broadcasting Service will transmit the last of an eight-part ecology series, THE CHAIN OF LIFE. The program explains how consumers are encouraging the dangerous overuse of pesticides and, at the same time, helping keep up prices of citrus fruits. 7:30 pm, Nov 29.

Do you believe the advertisements you read, or the commercials you watch? According to the Nader Report, maybe you shouldn't. Channel 8, presents Ralph Nader and one of the "Raiders," Aileen Adams, in a program on misleading practices in the advertising of mass consumer products. 8:30 pm, Dec 2.

THE ULTIMATE MACHINE, on Channel 8's The World We Live In. The program is devoted to the computer, its mechanical composition, and its use and misuse in the future. 7:30 pm, Dec 6.

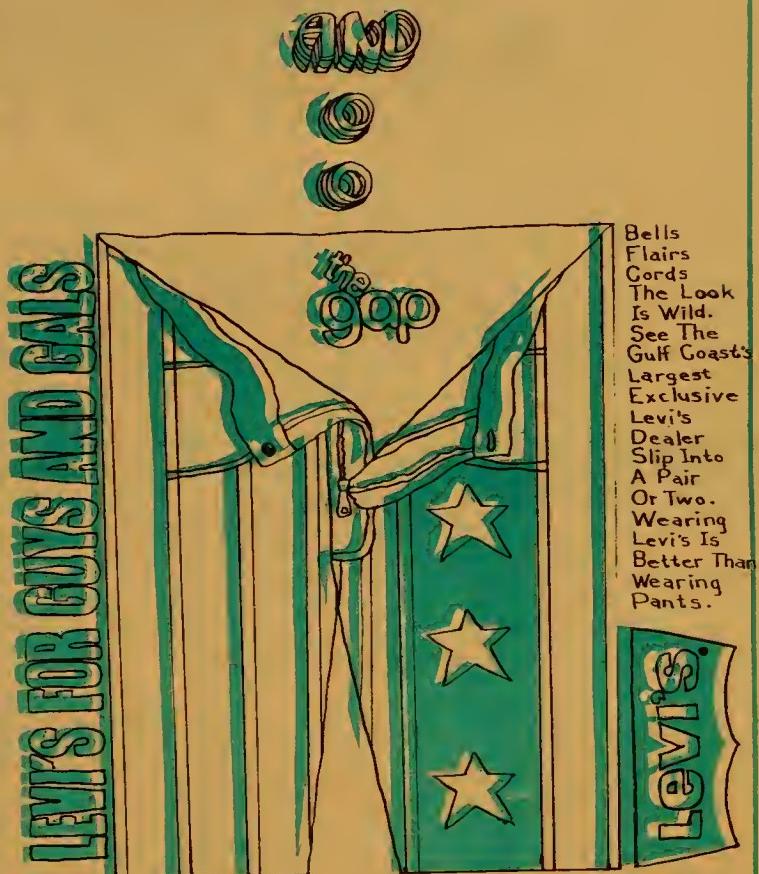
VIETNAM SPECIAL - PART 1. Exclusive interviews with the two chief negotiators for the NFL in the Paris peace talks, including an appeal in English for peace from the heroic Madame Nguyen Thi Binh to President Nixon. (Mme. Binh is foreign minister from the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam and author of the Vietcong at the Paris Peace Talks.) 10 pm, Wednesday Dec. 9.



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